

THE

Honest Whore.

With,

The Humours of the Patient Man,
and the Longing Wife.



Tho: Dekker.



LONDON

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The Honest Whore.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter at one doore a Funerall, a Coronet lying on the Hearse, Scutchins and Garlands hanging on the sides, attended by Gasparo Trebatzi, Duke of Millan, Castruchio, Sinezi. Pioratto Fluello, and others at another doore. Enter Hipolito in discontented apparance: Matheo a Gentleman his friend, labouring to hold him backe.

Duke

BEhold, yon Commet shewes his head againe;
Twice hath he thus at crosse-turnes throwne on vs
Prodigious lookes: Twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, hee's turnde wilde;
Go on in Gods name.

All On afore there ho.

Duke Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly sides
Your weapons to keepe backe the desprate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito I pry thee deere *Matheo*.

Matheo Come, y'are mad.

Hip: I do arest thee murderer: set downe.
Villaines set downe that sorrow, tis all mine.

Duke I do beseech you all, for my bloods sake
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Ioine in confederacie with your weapons points;
If he proccede to vex vs, let your swordes
Seeke out his bowells: funerall grieve loathes words.

All Set on.

Hip. Set downe the body.

Mat: O my Lord?

Y'are wrong: i'th open streete/you see shees dead.

Hip: I know shee is not dead.

Duke Franticke yong man,
Wilt thou beleeve these gentlemen? pray speake:

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Thou doost abuse my childe, and mockst the teares
That heere are shed for her: If to behold
Those roses withered, that set out her cheekes:
That paire of starres that gave her body light,
Darkned and dim for ever: All those rivers
That fed her veines with warme and crimson streames,
Frozen and dried vp: If these be signes of death,
Then is she dead. Thou vnreligious youth,
Art not ashamde to emptie all these eyes
Offunerall teares, (a debt due to the dead,)
As mirth is to the living: Sham'lt thou not
To haue them stare on thee? harke, thou art curst
Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speake.

Hip. My Lord.

Duke What wouldst thou haue? is she not dead?

Hip. Oh, you ha killd her by your crueltie.

Duke Admit I had, thou killst her now againe;
And art more savage then a barbarous Moore.

Hip. Let me but kisse her pale and bloodlesse lip.

Duke O fie, fie, fie.

Hip. Or if not touch her, let me louke on her.

Math. As you regard your honour.

Hip. Honour! smooke.

Math. Or if you lov'de hir living, spare her now.

Duke I, well done sir, you play the gentleman:
Steale hence: tis nobly done: away: Ile ioyne
My force to yours, to stop this violent torment:
Passe on.

Exeunt with funerall.

Hip. *Mathee*, thou doost wound me more.

Math. I give you phisicke noble friend, not wounds,

Duke Oh well said, well done, a true gentleman:

Alacke, I know the sea of lovers rage
Comes rushing with so strong a tide: it beates
And beares downe all respects of life, of honour,
Offriends, offoes, forget her gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her?

Duke Na, na, be but patient:

For why deaths hand hath sued a strict diuorſe,

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Twixt her and thee: whats beautie but a coarset
What but faire sand-dust are earths purest formes:
Queenes bodies are but trunckes to put in wormes.

Matheo Speake no more sentences, my good lord, but slip
hences, you see they are but fits, ile rule him I warrant ye. I, so,
treade gingerly, your Grace is heere somewhat too long already. Sbloud the jeaft were now, if having tane some knockes
o th pate already, he should get loose againe, and like a madde
Oxe,rosse my new blacke cloakes into the kennell. I must humour
his lordship: my lord *Hipolito*, is it in your stomacke to
goe to dinner?

Hipolito Where is the body?

Matheo The body, as the Duke spake very wisely, is gone
to be wormd.

Hipolito I cannot rest, ile meete it at next turne,
Ile see how my love lookes, *Matheo holds him ins armes*

Matheo How your love lookes? worse than a scarre-crowe,
wastle not with me: the great fellow gives the fall for a duckat.

Hipolito I shall forget my selfe.

Matheo Pray do so, leave your selfe behinde your selfe, and
go whither you will. Stoothe doe you long to have base roags
that maintaine a faint *Antonies* fire in their noses (by nothing
but two peny Ale) make ballads of you? if the Duke had but so
much mettle in him, as is in a coblers awle, he woud ha beene a
vext thing: he and his traine had blowne you vp, but that their
powlder haz taken the wet of cowards: youle bleed three pot-
tles of Aligant, by this light, if you follow em, and then wee
shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have Surgeons roll
thee vp like a babie in swadling clowts.

Hipolito What day is to day, *Matheo*?

Matheo Yea mary, this is an easie question: why to day is,
let me see, thurseday. *Hipolito* Oh, thurseday.

Matheo Heeres a coile for a dead commoditie, sfoote wo-
men when they are alive are but dead commodities, for you
shall have one woman lie vpon many mens hands.

Hipolito She died on monday then.

Matheo And thats the most villainous day of all the weeke
to die in: and she was wel, and ate a messe of water-grewel on

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monday morning.

Hipolito I, it cannot be,
Such a bright taper should burne out so soone.

Mathæo O yes my Lord, so soone: why I ha knowne them,
that at dinner have bin aswell, and had so much health, that they
were glad to pledge it, yet before three a clocke have bin found
dead drunke.

Hipolito On thurseday buried! and on monday died,
Quicke haste birlady: sure her winding sheete
Was laide out fore her bodie, and the wormes
That now must feast with her, were even bespoken,
And solemnely invited like strange guests.

Mathæo Strange feeders they are indeede my lord, and like
your jester or yong Courtier, will enter vpon any mans trencher
without bidding.

Hipolito Curst be that day for ever that robd her
Of breath, and me of blisse, hencefoorth let it stand
Within the Wizardes booke (the kalendar)
Markt with a marginall finger, to be chosen
By theeves, by villaines, and blacke murderers,
As the best day for them to labour in.

If hencefoorth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with childe with treason, sacrilege,
Atheisme, rapes, treacherous friendship, periurie,
Slaunder, (the beggars sinne) lies, (sinne of fooles)
Or anie other damnd impieties,
On Monday let em be delivered:

I sweare to thee Mathæo, by my soule,
Heereafter weekly on that day ile glew
Mine eie-lids downe, because they shall not gaze
On any female cheek. And being lockt vp
In my close chamber, there ile meditate
On nothing but my *Infalices* end,
Or on a dead mans scull drawe out mine owne.

Mathæo Youle doe all these good workes now every mon-
day because it is so bad: but I hope vppon tuesday morning I
shall take you with a wench.

Hipolito If ever whilst fraile blood through my veins runne,
On

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On womans beames I throw affection,
Save her thats dead : or that I loofely flie
To'th shoare of any other wasting cie,
Let me not prosper heaven. I will be true,
Even to her dust and ashes: could her tombe
Stand whilst I livde, so long that it might rot,
That should fall downe, but she be ne re forgot.

Matheo If you have this strange monster, Honestie, in
your belly, why so lig-makers and chroniclers shall picke som-
thing out of you : but and I smell not you and a bawdy house
out within these tenne daies, let my nose be as bigge as an En-
glish bag-pudding: Ile followe your lordship, though it be to
the place aforenamed.

Exeunt.

*Enter Fustigo in some fantastike Sea-suite at one
doore, a Porter meets him at another.*

Fust. How now porter, will she come?

Porter If I may trust a woman sir, she will come.

Fust. Theres for thy paines, godamercy, if ever I stand in
neede of a wench that will come with a wet finger, Porter, thou
shalt earne my mony before anie *Clarissimo* in Millane; yet so
god sa mee shees mine owne sister body and soule, as I am a
christian Gentleman; farewell, ile ponder till shee come: thou
hast bin no bawde in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

Porter No matter if I had sir, better men than Porters are
bawdes.

Fust. O God sir, manie that have borne offices. But Por-
ter, art sure thou wentst into a true house?

Porter I thinke so, for I met with no thieves.

Fust. Nay but arte sure it was my sister *Viola*.

Porter I am sure by all supercriptions it was the partie you

Fust. Not very tall. (ciphered.)

Porter Nor very lowe, a midling woman.

Fust. Twas she faith, twas she, a prettie plump cheek like

Porter At a blush, alittle very much like you. (mine.)

Fust. Gods so, I woud not for a duckat she had kickt vp hig
heelles, for I ha spent an abomination this voyage, marie I
did it amongst sailers and gentlemen: theres alittle modicum
more

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more porter for making thee stay, farewell honest porter.

Porter I am in your debt sir, God preserve you. *Exit.*

Enter Viola.

Fu. Not so neither, good porter, gods lid, yonder she coms. Sister *Viola*, I am glad to see you stirring: its newes to have mee heere, ist not sister?

Viola Yes trust me: I wondred who should be so bolde to send for me, you are welcome to *Millan* brother.

Fust. Troth sister I heard you were married to a verie rich chuffe, and I was very sorie for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me send: for you knowe wee *Millaners* love to strut vpon Spanish leather. And how does all our friends?

Viola Very well; you ha travelled enough now, I trowe, to sowe your wilde oates.

Fust. A pox on em; wilde oates, I ha not an oate to throw at a horse, troth sister I ha sowed my oates, and reapt 200. duckats if I had em, heere, mary I must intreate you to lend me some thirty or forty till the ship come, by this hand ile discharge at my day, by this hand.

Viola These are your olde oaths.

Fust. Why sister, doe you thinke ile forswear my hand?

Viola Well, well, you shall have them: put your selfe into better fashion, because I must imploy you in a serious matter.

Fust. Ile sweate like a horse if I like the matter.

Viola You ha cast off all your olde swaggering humours.

Fust. I had not sailde a league in that great fish-pond (the sea) but I cast vp my very gall.

Viola I am the more sory, for I must imploy a true swag-gerer.

Fust. Nay by this yron sister, they shall finde I am powder and touch-box, if they put fire once into me.

Viola Then lend me your eares.

Fust. Mine eares are yours deere sister.

Viola I am married to a man that haz wealth enough, and wit enough.

Fust. A linnen Draper I was tolde sister.

Viola Very true, a grave Cittizen; I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband: but heeres the spite, hee haz
not

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not all things belonging to a man.

Fust. Gods my life, hees a very mandrake, or else (God blesse vs,) one a these whiblins, and thats worse, and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body sister, are bastards by a statute.

Viol. O you runne over me too fast brother; I have heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry, is no man. I am sure my husband is a man in print, for all things else, save onely in this, no tempest can move him.

Fust. Slid, would he had beene at sea with vs, hee should ha beene movde and movde agen, for Ile be sworne la, our drunken ship reelde like a Dutchman.

Viola No losse of goods can increase in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance fowre, the stubbornnes of no servant shake him, he haz no more gall in him than a Dove, no more sting than an Ant: Musitiah will he never bee, (yet I finde much musick in him,) but he loves no frets, and is so free from anger, that many times I am readie to bite off my tongue, because it wants that vertue which all womens tongues have (to anger their husbands:) Brother, mine can by no thunder turne him into a sharpenes.

Fust. Be like his blood sister, is well brewd then.

Viola I protest to thee *Fustigo*, I love him most affectionately, but I know not — I ha such a tickling with in mee — such a strange longing; nay, verilie I doo long.

Fustigo Then y'are with childe sister; by all signes and tokens; nay, I am partly a Phisitian, and partly something else. I ha read *Albertus Magnus*, and *Aristotles* emblemes.

Viola Yare wide ath bow hand still brother: my longings are not wanton, but wayward: I long to have my patient husband eate vp a whole Porcupine, to the intent, the bristling quills may sticke about his lips like a Flemish mustacho, and be shot at mee: I shall be leaner then the new Moone, vnlesse I can make him home mad.

Fust. Stooke half a quarter of an houre does that: make him a cuckold.

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Wife: Puh, he would count such a cut no violence.

Fust: The honestest Citizen he; then make him drunke and cut off his beard.

Wife: Fie, fie, idle, idle, hee's no French-man to fret at the losse of a little scalde haire. No brother, thus it shal be, you must be secret.

Fu: As your Mid-wife I protest sister, or a Barber-surgeon.

Wife: Repaire to the *Tortois* heere in *S. Christophers* streete, I will send you mony; turne your selfe into a brave man; instead of the armes of your mistris, let your sword and your militarie scarfe hang about your necke.

Fust: I must have a great Horse-mans French feather too sister.

Wife: O, by any meanes to shew your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcombe: to be brieft, you must bee in all points a most terrible wide-mouth'd swaggerer.

Fust: Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Wife: Resort then to our shop, & (in my husbands presence) kisse me, snatch rings, jewells, or any thing, so you give it backe agen brother in secret.

Fust: By this hand sister.

Wife: Swear as if you came but new from knight-ing.

Fust: Nay, ile swear after 400. a yere.

Wife: Swagger worse then a Lievetenant among fresh water souldiers, call me your love, your yngle, your coolen, or so; but sister at no hand.

Fust: No, no, it shall be coosen, or rather cuz, thats the gulling word betweene the Citizens wives and their mad-caps, that man em to the garden; to call you one a my naunts sister, were as good as call you arrant whoore: no, no, let me alone to coosen you rarely.

Wife: H'az heard I have a brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fust: The best in *Millan* I warrant.

Wife: Take vp wares, but pay nothing, rife my bosome, my poocket, my purse, the boxes for mony to diet with al; but brother, you must give all backe agen in secret.

Fust:

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Fustigo By this walkin that heere roares I will, or else
let mee never know what a secret is: why sister do you thinke
Ile cunni-catch you, when you are my coosen, Gods my life,
then I were a starke Ass; if I fret not his guts, begge me for a
foole.

Wife Be circumspect, and do so then, farewell.

Fust: The *Tortois* sister! Ile stay there; fortie duckats. *Exit.*

Wife Thither Ile send: this law can none deny,
Women must have their longings, or they die. *Exit.*

Gasparo the Duke, Doctor Benedickt, two servants.

Duke Give charge that none do enter, locke the doores;
And fellowes, what your eies and eares receave,
Vpon your lives trust not the gadding aire:
To carrie the least part of it, the glasse, the houre-glasse,

Doctor Heere my Lord.

Duke Ah, tis meere spent.

But *Doctor Benedickt*, does your Art speake truth?
Art sure the soporiferous streame will ebbe,
And leave the Christall banks of her white body
(Pure as they were at first,) iust at the houre?

Doctor Iust at the houre my Lord.

Duke Vncurtaine her.

Softly, see *Doctor* what a coldish heate
Spredes over all her bodie.

Doctor Now it workes:

The vitall spirits that by a sleepe charme
Were bound vp fast and threw an icie rust
On her exterior parts, now gin to breake:
Trouble her not my Lord.

Duke Some stools, you calld

For musicke, did you not? Oh ho, it speakes,
It speakes, watch first betwaking, note those sands,
Doctor sit downe: A Dukedome that should wey
Mine owne downe twice, being put into one scale,
And that fond desperate boy *Hipolito*,
Making the weight vp, should not (at my hands)
Buy her i'th tother, were her state more light
Than hers, who makes a dowrie vp with almes.

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Doctor Ile starve her on the Appenine
Ere he shall marry her: I must confesse,
Hipolito is nobly borne, a man;
Did not mine enemies blood boile in his veines,
Whom I would court to be my sonne in law?
But Princes whose high spleenes for empery swell,
Are not with easie Arte made paralell.

2 *Ser.* She wakes my Lord, *Duke* Looke Doctor *Benedict*.
I charge you on your lives maintaine for truth,
What ere the Doctor or my selfe averre,
For you shall beare her hence to *Bergamo*.

Inf. Oh God, what fearefull dreames?

Doctor Lady. *Inf.* Ha.

Duke Gidle.

Why *Infelica*, how ist now, ha, speake?

Inf. I me well, what makes this Doctor heere? I me well.

Duke Thou wert not so even now, sicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee even in the midst of feasting;
And when a cup crownde with thy lovers health
Had toucht thy lips, a fencible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death had wept
To see such beautie alter.

Inf. I remember

I sate at banquet, but felt no such change.

Duke Thou hast forgot then how a messenger
Came wildely in with this vnfavorie newes,
That he was dead.

Inf. What messenger? whoes dead?

Duke *Hipolito*, alacke, wring not thy hands.

Inf. I saw no messenger, heard no such newes.

Doctor Trust me you did sweete Lady.

Duke La you now. 2 *Ser.* Yes indeede Madam,

Duke La you now, tis well, good knaves.

Inf. You ha slaine him, and now you'le murder me.

Duke Good *Infelica* vexe not thus thy selfe,

Of this the bad report before did strike

So coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents

Of life were all frozen vp.

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Inf. It is vntrue,
Tis most vntrue, O most vnnaturall father!

Duke And we had much to do by Arts best cunning,
To fetch life backe againe.

Doctor Most certaine Lady.

Duke Why la you now, you'le not beleeeve me, friends,
Sweate we not all? had we not much to do?

2 *Serv.* Yes indeede my Lord, much.

Duke Death drew such fearefull pictures in thy face,
That were *Hipolito* alive agen,
I'de kneele, and woo the noble gentleman]
To be thy husband: now I sore repent
My sharpenes to him, and his family;
Nay, do not weepe for him, we all must die:
Doctor, this place where she so oft hath seene
His lively presence, hnrts her, does it not?

Doctor Doubtlesse my Lord it does.

Duke It does, it does:

Therefore sweete girle thou shalt to *Bergamo*.

Inf. Even where you will, in any place theres woe.

Duke A coach is readie, *Bergamo* doth stand
In a most wholesome aire, sweete walkes, theres diere,
I, thou shalt hunt and send vs venison,
Which like some goddesse in the *Ciprian* groves,
Thine owne faire hand shall strike; firs, you shall teach her
To stand, and how to shoote, I, she shall hunt:
Cast off this sorrow. In girle, and prepare:
This night to ride away to *Bergamo*.

Inf. O most vnhappy maide.

Exit.

Duke Follow her close.

No words that she was buried on your lives,
Or that her ghost walkes now after shees dead;
Ile hang you if you name a funerall.

1 *Ser.* Ile speake Greeke my Lord, ere I speake that deadly word. *(Exeunt.)*

2 *Ser.* And Ile speake Welch, which is harder then Greeke.

Duke Away, looke to her, Doctor *Benedict*,
Did you observe how her complexion alred

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Vpon his name and death, O would it were true.

Doctor It may my Lord.

Duke May I now? I wish his death.

Doctor And you way have your wish; say but the word.

And tis a strong Spell to rip vp his grave:

I have good knowledge with *Hipolito*;

He calls me friend, ile creepe into his bosome,

And sting him there to death; poison can doo't.

Duke Performe it; ile create thee halfe mine heire.

Doctor It shall be done, although the fact be fowle.

Duke Greatnes hides sin, the guile vpon my soule. *Exeunt.*

Enter Castruchio, Pioratto, and Fluello.

Cast. Signior *Pioratto*, signior *Fluello*, shalls be merrie? shalls play the wags now?

Flu. I, any thing that may beget the childe of laughter.

Cast. Truth I have a prettie sportive conceit new crept into my braine, will move excellent mirth. (lie?)

Pio. Let's ha't, let's ha't, and where shall the sceane of mirth

Cast. At signior *Candidoes* house, the patient man; nay, the monstrous patient man; they say his blood is immoveable, that he haz taken all patience from a man, and all constancie from a woman.

Flu. That makes so many whores nowadaies,

Cast. I, and so many knaves too.

Pio. Well sir.

Cast. To conclude, the report goes, hee's so milde, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeede can move him: now do but thinke what sport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as madde as an English cucolde.

Flu. O, t'were admirable mirth, that: but how wilt be done signior?

Cast. Let me alone, I have a trickes, a conceit, a thing, a device will sting his faith, if he have but a thimble full of blood in's belly, or a spleene not so big as a taverne token.

Pio. Thou stirre him? thou moove him? thou anger him? alas, I know his approved temper: thou vex him? why hee haz a patience above mans injuries: thou must sooner raise a spleene

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spleene in an Angell, than rough humour in him: whyle give you instance for it. This wonderfully temperd signior *Candido* vpon a time invited home to his house certaine Neapolitane lords of curious taste, and no meane pallats, conjuring his wife of all loves, to prepare cheere sitting for such honourable trencher-men. She (just of a womans nature, covetous to try the vttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the starte of his humour,) willingly neglected the preparation, and became vnfurnisht, not onely of daintie, but of ordinarie dishes. He (according to the mildenesse of his breast,) entertained the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time (as much as a Citizen might do:) To conclude, they were hungry lordes, for there came no meate in; their stomacks were plainly guld, and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could have seized a man,) there was matter enough yfaith to vex any Citizen in the world, if he were not too much made a foole by his wife.

Flu: I, ile swear for tisfoote, had it beene my case, I should ha plaide mad trickes with my wife and family: first I would ha spited the men, stowd the maides, and bak't the mistresse, and so served them in.

Pio: Why t'would ha tempted any blood but his,
And thou to vex him? thou to anger him
With some poore shallow jest?

Cass: Sblood signior *Pioratto*, (you that disparage my conceit,) ile wage a hundred duckats vpon the head on't, that it mooves him, frets him, and galls him.

Pio: Done, tis a lay, ioyne golles on't: witnes signior *Fluella*.

Cass: Witnes, tis done:

Com, follow me; the house is not farre off,
He thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,
And win a hundred duckats by one jest.

Exeunt.

*Enter Candidoes wife, George, and two prentises
in the shoppe.*

Wife Come, you put vp your wares in good order heere, do you not thinke you? one peece cast this way, another that way, you had neede have a patient master indeede.

George

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George I, ile be sworne, for we have a curst mistress.

Wife You mumble, do you mumble! I would your maister or I could bee a note more angry: for two patient folkes in a house, spoile all the servants that ever shall come vnder them.

1 *Premise* You patient! I, so is the diuell when he is horne madde.

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, and Pioratto.

All three Gentlemen, what do you lacke? what ist you buy? See fine hollands, fine cambricks, fine lawnes.

George What ist you lacke?

2 *Pren.* What ist you buy?

Cast. Wheres signior *Candido* thy master? (presently.

George Faith signior hees a litle negotiated, hee'le appeare

Cast. Fellow, lets see a lawne, a choise one firra.

George The best in all *Milhan* Gentlemen, and this is the peece. I can fit you Gentlemen with fine callicoos too for dublets, the onely sweete fashion now, most delicate and courly, a meeke gentle callico, cut vpon two double affable tassataes, ah, most neate, feate, and vnmachable.

Flu. A notable-voluble tongde villaine.

Pio. I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

Cast. What, and is this the saist thou?

George I, and the purest she that ever you fingerd since you were a gentleman: looke how even she is, looke how cleane she is, ha, as even as the brow of *Cinthia*, and as cleane as your sons and heires when they ha spent all.

Cast. Puh, thou talkst, pox on't tis rough.

George How? is she rough? but if you bid pox on't fir, it will take away theroughnes presently.

Flu. Ha signior; haz he fitted your French curse?

George Looke you Gentleman, heeres another, compare them I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare virgins with harlots.

Cast. Puh, I ha seene better, and as you terme them, evenet and cleaner.

George

THE HONEST WHORE.

Geor. You may see further for your mind, but trust me
you shall not find better for your body. *Enter Candido.*

Casf. O here he comes, lets make as tho we passe,
Come, come, weele try in some other shop.

Cand. How now? what's the matter?

Geor. The gentlemen find fault with this lawne, fall out
with it, and without a cause too.

Cand. Without a cause!

And that makes you to let'em passe away,

Ah, may I craue a word with you gentlemen?

Flu. He calls vs.

Casf. Makes the better for the iest.

Cand. I pray come neare, -y'are very welcome gallants,
Pray pardon my mans rudenesse, for I feare me
Ha's talkt aboute a prentice with you, -Lawnes!
Looke you kind gentlemen -this! no:- I this:
Take this vpon my honest-dealing faith,
To be a true weaue, not too hard, nor slack,
But eene as farre from falshood, as from black.

Casf. Well, how doe you rate it?

Cand. Very conscionably, 18.s. a yard.

Casf. That's too deare: how many yards does the whole
piece containe thinke you?

Cand. Why, some 17. yardes I thinke, or thereabouts,
How much would serue your turne? I pray,

Casf. Why let me see - would it were better too.

Cand. Truth, tis the best in *Millan* at fewe words.

Casf. Well; let me haue then - a whole penny - worth.

Cand. Ha, ha; y'are a merry gentleman.

Casf. A pennorth I say.

Cand. Of lawne!

Casf. Of lawne? / Of lawne, a pennorth, / blood dost not
heare? a whole pennorth, are you deasse?

Cand. Deasse? no Syr: but I must tell you,
Our wares doe seldome meete such customers.

Casf. Nay, and you and your lawnes be so squemish,
Fare you well.

Cand. Pray stay, a word, pray Signior: for what purpose
is it I beseech you?

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cast. Sblood, whats that to you: He haue a penny-worth.

Can. A penny-worth! why you shall: He serue you

2. *Pren.* Sfoot, a penny-worth mistris! (presently.

Mist. A penny-worth! call you these Gentlemen?

Cast. No, no: not there.

Can. What then kinde Gentle-man? what at this corner

Cast. No nor there neither. (here?

He haue it iust in the middle, or els not.

Can. Iust in the middle: -ha- you shall too: what?

Haue you a single penny?

Cast. Yes, heeres one. *Can.* Lend it me I pray.

Flu. An extlent followed iest.

Wife. What will he spoile the Lawne now?

Can. Patience, good wife.

Wife. I, that patience makes a foole of you: Gentlemen, you might ha-found some other Citizen to haue made a kind gull on, besides my husband.

Can. Pray Gentlemen take her to be a woman, Do not regard her language. --O kinde soule: Such words will driue away my customers,

Wife. Customers with a murre: call you these customers?

Can. Patience, good wife. *Wife.* Pax, a your patience.

Geor. Sfoot mistris, I warrant these are some cheating companions.

Can. Looke you Gentleman, theres your ware, I thank you, I haue your mony; heare, pray know my shop, pray let me haue your custome.

Wife. Custome quoth a.

Can. Let me take more of your money.

Wife. You had need so.

Pio. Harke in thine eare, thast lost an hundred duckets.

Cast. Well, well, I knowt: ist possible that *Homo*, Should be nor man, nor woman: not once mooud; No not at such an iniurie, not at all! Sure hees a pigeon, for he has no gall.

Flu. Come, come, y'are angry tho you smother it: Yare vext ifaith, -confesse. *Can.* Why Gentle-men Should you conceit me to be vext or moou'd?

He

THE HONEST WHORE.

He has my ware, I haue his money fort,
And thats no Argument I am angry: no,
The best Logitian can not proue me so.

Flu. oh, but the hatefull name of a pennyworth of lawne,
And then cut out, ith middle of the peece:
Pah, I guesse it by my selfe, would moue a Lambe
Were he a Lynnen-draper -twould ifaith.

Can. Well, giue me leaue to answere you for that,
Were set heere to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies: -offend none:
We get by many, if we leese by one,
May be his minde stood to no more then that,
A penworth serues him, and mongst trades tis
Deny a pennorth, it may crosse a pound. (found,
Oh, he that meanes to thriue with patient eye,
Must please the diuell, if he come to buy.

Flu. O wondrous man, patient boue wrong or woe,
How blest were men, if women could be so.

Can. And to expresse how well my brest is please,
And satisfied in all: -*George.* fill a beaker. *Exit George.*
Ile drinke vnto that Gentleman, who lately
Bestowed his mony with me. *Wife.* Gods my life,

We shall haue all our gaines drunke out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawne. *Enter George.*

Can. Here wife, begin you to the Gentleman.

Wife. I begin to him. *Can.* *George,* fill vp againe:
Twas my fault, my hand shooke. *Exit George.*

Pio. How strangely this doth shoue?

A patient man linkt with a waspish shroue.

Flu. A siluer and gilt beaker: I haue a tricke to worke vp-
on that beaker, sure twil fret him, it cannot choose but vexe
him. *Seig. Castruccio,* in pittie to thee, I haue a cōceit, wil saue
thy 100. Duckets yet, twil doot, & work him to impatience.

Cast. Sweet *Finello,* I should be bountiful to that conceit.

Flu. Well tis enough. *Enter George.*

Can. Here Gentleman to you,
I wish your custome, yare exceeding welcome.

Cast. I pledge you *Seig. Candido*, -heere you, that must re-
ceiue a 100. Duccats. *Pio.*

THE HONEST WHORE.

Pior. He pledge them deepe y faith *Castruccio*,
Signior *Fluello*?

Flu. Come: play't off to me,
I am your last man.

Cand. *George*, supply the cup.

Flu. So, so, good honest *George*,
Here Signior *Candido*, all this to you.

Cand. Oh you must pardon me, I vse it not.

Flu. Will you not pledge me then?

Cand. Yes, but not that:

Great loue is showne in little.

Flu. Blurt on your sentences, -Sfoot you shall pledge
mee all.

Cand. Indeed I shall not. (then.

Flu. Not pledge me? Sblood, He cary away the beaker

Cand. The beaker! Oh! that at your pleasure sir.

Flu. Now by this drinke I will.

Cast. Pledge him, heele do't else.

Flu. So: I ha done you right, on my thumbe naile,
What will you pledge me now?

Cand. You know me syr, I am not of that sin,

Flu. Why then farewell:

He beare away the beaker by this light.

Cand. Thats as you please, tis very good.

Flu. Nay it doth please me, & as you say, tis a very good
Farewell Signior *Candido*. (one:

Pio. Farewell *Candido*.

Cand. Yare welcome gentlemen.

Cast. Heart not mou'd yet?

I thinke his patience is aboue our wit, (Exeunt.

Geor. Itold you before mistresse, they were all chraters.

Wife Why foole, why husband, why madman, I hope
you will not let'em sneake away so with a siluer and gilt
beaker, the best in the house too: goe fellowes make hue and
cry after them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue lye still, all will be well:
Come hither *George*, hyc to the Constable,
And in calme order wish him to attach them,

Make

THE HONEST WHORE.

Make no great stirre, because they're gentlemen,
 And a thing partly done in meriment,
 Tis but a size aboue a iest thou knowst,
 Therefore pursue it mildly, goe be gone, (gaine.
 The Constabl's hard by, bring him along, make haste a-
Wife. O y'are a goodly patient Woodcocks, are you not
 now? (Exit George.

See what your patiēce comes too: euery one saddles you, and
 rydes you, youle be shortly the common stone-horse of
Myllan: a womans well holp't vp with such a meacocke, I
 had rather haue a husband that would swaddle me thrice a
 day, then such a one, that will be guld twice in halfe an how-
 er, Oh I could burne all the wares in my shop for anger.

Cand. Pray weare a peacefull temper, be my wife,
 That is, be patient: for a wife and husband
 Share but one soule between them: this being knowne,
 Why should not one soule then agree in one? (Exit.

Wife Hang your agreements: But if my beaker be gone.
Enter Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

Cand. Oh, heare they come.

Geor. The Constable syr, let'em come along with me,
 because there should be no wondring, he staies at dore.

Cast. Constable goodman *Abram*.

Fiu. Now Signior *Candido*, sblood why doe you attach

Cast. Sheart! attach vs! (vsf

Cand. Nay sweare not gallants,
 Your oathes may moue your soules, but not moue me,
 You haue a siluer beaker of my wiues.

Fiu. You say not true: tis gilt.

Cand. Then you say true.

And being gilt, the guilt lyes more on you.

Cast. I hope y'are not angry syr,

Cand. Then you hope right, for I am not angry.

Pio. No, but a little mou'de.

Cand. I mou'd! twas you were mou'd, you were brought

Cast. But you (out of your anger & impatience,) (hither.
 Caufd vs to be attacht.

Cand. Nay you misplace it.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
 And not of any wrath, had I showne anger,
 I should haue then persude you with the lawe,
 And hunted you to shame, as many worldlings
 Doe build their anger vpon feeblè groundes,
 The mores the pittie, many loose their liues
 For scarce so much coyne as will hide their palme:
 Which is most cruell, those haue vexed spirits
 That pursue liues, in this opinion rest,
 The losse of Millions could not moue my brest.

Fis. Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost deale,
 Such a meeke spirit can blesse a common weale.

Cand. Gentlemen, now tis vpon eating time,
 Pray part not hence, but dyne with me to day.

Cast. I neuer heard a carter yet say nay
 To such a motion. He not be the first.

Pio. Nor I,

Fis. Nor I,

Cand. The constable shall beare you company,
 George call him in, let the world say what it can,
 Nothing can driue me from a patient man. *(Exeunt.)*

*Enter Roger with a stoole, cushion, looking-glasse, and chafing-dish,
 Those being set downe, he pulls out of his pocket a viol with
 white cullor in it. And 2. boxes, one with white, another red
 painting, he places all things in order & a candle by the singing
 with the ends of old Ballads as he does it. At last Bella-
 front (as he rubs his cheek with the cullors, whistles with-
 in.*

Ro. Anon forsooth.

Bell. What are you playing the roague about?

Ro. About you forsooth: I me drawing vp a hole in your
 white silke stocking.

Bell. Is my glasse there? and my boxes of complexion?

Ro. Yes forsooth: your boxes of complexion are
 here I thinke: yes tis here: her's your tve complexi-
 ons, and if I had all the foure complexions, I should
 nere set a good face vpon't, some men I see are borne vn-
 der hard-fauour'd planets as well as women: zounds I looke
 worse

THE HONEST WHORE.

worfenow then I did before, & it makes her face glister most damnably, theres knauery in dawbing I hold my life, or else this is onely female Pomatum.

Enter Bellafronte not full ready, without a gowne, shee sits downe, with her bodkin curles her haire, cullers her lips.

Bell. Wheres my ruffe and poker you block-head?

Ro. Your ruffe, your pocker, are ingendring together vp-on the cup-bord of the Court, or the Court-cup-bord.

Bell. Fetch e'm : Is the poxe in your hames, you can goe no faster?

Ro. Wood the pox were in your fingers, vnlesse you could leaue flinging; catch.

Exit.

Bell. Ile catch you, you dog by and by : do you grumble?
Cupid is a God, as naked as my naile, *She sings.*

Ile whip him with a rod, if he my true loue faile.

Ro. Thers your ruffe, shall I poke it?

Bell. Yes honest *Ro.* no stay: pry thee good boy, hold here,
Downe, downe, downe, downe, I fall downe and arise, downe, I neuer shall arise.

Ro. Troth M. then leaue the trade if you shall neuer rise.

Bell. What trade? good-man *Abram.*

Ro. Why that, if down and arise or the falling trade.

Bell. Ile fall with you by and by.

Ro. If you doe I know who shall smart fort :

Troth Mistris, what do I looke like now?

Bell. Like as you are: a panderly Sixpenny Rascall.

Ro. I may thanke you for that : infaith I looke like an old Prouerbe, *Hold the Candle before the dinell.*

Bell. Vds life, Ile sticke my knife in your Guts and you prate to me so : What?

She sings.

Well met, pug, the pearle of beautie: umb, umb.

How now sir knaue, you forget your dutie, umb, umb.

Marry muste Sir, are you growne so daintie, fa la, la, &c.

Is it you Sir? the worst of wentsie, fa la, la, leera la.

Pox on you, how doest thou hold my glasse?

Ro. Why, as I hold your doore : with my fingers.

Hell. Nay pray thee sweet hony *Ro.* hold vp handsomely
Sing pretty Wantons warble, &c. We shall ha guests to day.

I lay

THE HONEST WHORE.

I lay my little meadenhead, my nose itches so.

Ro. I said so too last night, when our Fleas twing'd me.

Bell. So Poke my ruffe now, my gowne, my gown, have
(I my fall?)

Wher's my fall *Roger*? *One knocks.*

Ro. Your fall forsooth is behind.

Bell. Gods my pittikins, some foole or other knocks.

Ro. Shall I open to the foole mistresse?

Bell. And all these bables lying thus away with it quickly, I, I, knock and be dambe, whosoever you be. So: giue the fresh Salmon lyne now: let him come a shoare, hee shall serue for my breakefast, tho he goe against my stomach.

Roger Fetch in Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratto.

Flu. Morrow coz.

Cast. How does my sweete acquaintance?

Pio. Saue thee little Marmoset: how doest thou good pretty roague?

Bell. Well, Godamercy good pretty rascall.

Flu. *Roger* some light I pry thee.

Ro. You shall Signior, for we that liue here in this vale of misery, are as darke as hell. *Exit, for a candle.*

Cast. Good Tabacco, *Finello.*

Flu. Smell? *(Enter Roger.)*

Pio. It may be tickling geere: for it plaies with my nose

Ro. Her's another light Angell, Signior. *(already.)*

Bell. What? yon pyed curtal, whats that you are neighing?

Ro. I say God send vs the light of heauen, or some more Angels.

Bell. Goe fetch some wyne, and drinke halfe of it.

Ro. I must fetch some wyne gentlemen and drinke halfe

Flu. Here *Roger* *(of it.)*

Cast. No let me send pry thee,

Flu. Hold you canker worrne.

Ro. You shall send both, if you please Signiors.

Pio. Stay, whats best to drinke a mornings? *(to her.)*

Ro. Hypocras sir, for my mistres, if I fetch it, is most deare

Flu. Hypocras! ther then, her's a teston for you, you snake

Ro. Right syr, her's iij.s.vi.d. for a pottle & a manchet-*Ex.*

Her's

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cast. Her's most *herculaniā Tobacco*, ha some acquaintācē:

Bel. Fah, not I, makes your breath stinke, like the pisse of a Foxe. Acquaintance, where syp't you last night?

Cast. At a place sweete acquaintance where your health danc'de the Canaries y'faith: you should ha ben there.

Bel. I there among y our Punkes, marry fah, hang-em: scorn't: will you neuer leaue sucking of egs in other folkes hens neasts.

Cast. Why in good troth, if youle trust me acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board, aske *Fluello*.

Flu. No faith Coz, none but Cocks, signior *Malanella* drunke to thee. *Bel.* O, a pure beagle; that horse-leach there?

Flu. And the knight, *S. Oliuer Lollilo*, swore he wold bestow a taffata petticoate on thee, but to breake his fast with thee.

Bel. With me! Ile choake him then, hang him Mole-catcher, its the dreamingst snotty-nose.

Pio. Well, many tooke that *Lollilo* for a foole, but he's a subtile foole. *Bel.* I, and he has fellowes: of all filthy

dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

Cast. Why wench, is he scabbed?

Bel. Hang him, heele not liue to bee so honest, nor to the credite to haue scabbes about him, his betters haue em: but I hate to weare out any of his course knight-hood, because hee's made like an Aldermans night-gowne, fast all with conny before, and within nothing but Foxe: this sweete *Oliuer*, will eate Mutton till he be ready to burst, but the leane iawde-slaue wil not pay for the scraping of his trēcher.

Pio. Plague him, set him beneath the fault, and let him not to seeh a bit, till euery one has had his full cut.

Flu. Lord *Ello*, the Gentleman-Viher came into vs too, marry twas in our cheefe, for he had beene to borrow mony for his Lord, of a Citizen.

Cast. VVhat an asse is that Lord, to borrow money of a Citizen.

Bel. Nay, Gods my pittie, what an asse is that Citizen to lend mony of a Lord.

Enter Matheo and Hypolito, who saluting the Company, as a stranger walkes off, Roger comes in sadly behind them,

THE HONEST WHORE.

with a pottle-pot, and stands aloofe off.

Matheo, Saue you Gallants, signior *Fluella*, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

Flu. Signior *Matheo*, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

Ma. And how fares my little prettie Mistris?

Bell. Eene as my little pretie seruant; sees three court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them: how now? why the diuell standst thou so? Art in a trance?

Ro. Yes forsooth. *Bell.* VVhy dost not fil out their wine?

Ro. Forsooth tis fild out already; all the wine that the signior has bestowde vpon you is cast away, a Porter ranne a litle at me, and so fac't me downe that I had not a drop.

Bell. /me a curst to let such a withered Artichocke faced-Rascall grow vnder my nose; now you looke like an old he ca; going to the gallowes: Ile be hangde if he ha not put vp the mony to cony-catch vs all.

Ro. No truely forsooth, tis not put vp yet.

Bell. How many Gentlemen hast thou serued thus?

Ro. None but five hundred, besides prentices and seruing-

Bell. Doe st thinke /le pocket it vp at thy hands? (men.

Ro. Yes forsooth, I feare you will pocket it vp.

Bell. Eye, fye, cut my lace good seruant, I shall ha the mother presently /m'e so vext at this horse-plumme.

Flu. Plague, not for a scald pottle of wine.

Ma. Nay, sweete *Bellafronte*, for a little Pigs wash.

Cast. Here *Roger*, fetch more, a mischance. Yfaith Acquittance.

Bell. Out of my sight, thou vngodly puritanical creature.

Ro. For the tother pottle? yes forsooth. *Exit.*

Bell. Spill that too: what Gentleman is that seruant? your Friend?

Ma. Gods so a stoole, a stoole, if you loue me Mistris entertaine this Gentleman respectfully, & bid him welcome.

Bell. Hees very welcome, pray Sir sit.

Hip. Thanks Lady.

Flu. Count *Hypolito*, ist not? cry you mercie signior, you walke here all this while, and we not heard you? let me bestow

THE HONEST VVHORE.

flow a stoole vpō you beseech you, you are a stranger here,
we know the fashions ath house.

Cast. Please you be heere my Lord. *Tabacco.*

Hipo. No good *Castruchio.*

Flu. You haue abandoned the Court I see my lord since
the death of your mistresse, well she was a delicate piece-be-
seech you sweete, come let vs serue vnder the cullors of your
acquaintance shil: for all that, please you to meete here at my
lodging of my cuz, I shal bestow a banquet vpon you.

Hipo. I neuer can deserue this kindnesse syr.

What may this Lady be, whom you call cuz?

Flu. Fait's syr a poore gentlewoman, of passing good ca-
riage, one that has some sutes in law, and lyes here in an At-
turnies house.

Hipo. Is she married?

Flu. Hah, as all your punks are, a captens wife, or so?
neuer saw her before, my Lord.

Hipo. Neuer trust me a goodly creature.

Flu. By gad when you know her as we do, youle swear she is
the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching honest ape
vnder the pole. A skin, your fatten is not more soft, nor
lawne whiter.

Hipo. Belike then shees some sale curtizan.

Flu. Troth as all your bett faces are, a good wench.

Hipo. Great pity that shees a good wench:

Ma. Thou shalt ha ifaith mistresse: how now signiers?
what? whispering? did not I lay a wager I should take you
within seven daies in a house of vanity.

Hipo. You did, and I beshrew your heart, you haue won,

Ma. How do you like my mistresse?

Hipo. Well, for such a mistresse: better, if your mistresse
be not you master.

I must breake manners gentlemen, fare you well.

Ma. Sfoote you shall not leaue vs.

Bell. The gentleman likes not the tast of our company,

Omn. Beseech you stay.

Hipo. Trust me my affaires becken for me, pardon me.

Ma. Will you call for me halfe an houre hence here?

THE HONEST WHORE.

Hip. Perhaps I shall.

Ma. Perhaps? fah! I know you can sweare to me you wil,

Hip. Since you will presse me on my word, I will. *Exit.*

Bell. What fullen picture is this seruant?

Ma. Is Count *Hipolito*, the braue Count.

Pio. As gallant a spirit, as any in *Mullan* you sweete

Fiu. Oh hees a most essentiill gentleman, coz. (Iewe,

Cast. Did you neuer heare of Count *Hipolitos* acquaintance?

Bell. Marynusse a your counts, & be no more life in'em.

Ma. Hees so malcontent! sirra *Bellafronta*, & you be honest gallants, lets sup together, and haue the count with vs: thou shalt sit at the vpper end puncke.

Bell. Puncke, you lowede gurnets?

Ma. Kings truce: come, ile bestow the supper to haue him but laugh. (lancholy.

Cast. He betraies his youth too grossly to that tyrant ma.

Ma. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman! some whore! what sweet Jewell ist?

Pio. Wod she heard you. *Fiu.* Troth so wud I.

Cast. And I by heauen.

Bell. Nay good seruant, what woman? *Ma.* Pah.

Bell. Pry thee tell me, a busse and tell me: I warrant hees an honest fellowe, if hee take on thus for a wench: good roague who?

Ma. Byth Lord I will not, must not, faith mistresse: ist a match first his night, at *Th'antlop*: I, for thers best wine, and

Omni. Its done at *Th'antlop*. (good be yes.

Bell. I cannot be there to night.

Ma. Cannot? bith lord you shall.

Bell. By the Lady I will not: shaall!

Fiu. Why then put it off till fryday: wut come then cuz?

Bell. Well.

Enter Roger.

Ma. Yare the waspishest Ape. *Roger*, put your mistresse in mind to sup with vs on friday next: yare best come like a madwoman without a band in your wastcoate, & the lynyngs of your kirtle outward, like euery common hackney that steales out at the back gate of her sweet knights lodging

Bell.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Bell. Goe, goe, hang your selfe, *Cast.* Its dinner time *Matheo*,
Omni. Yes, yes, farewell wench. *Exeunt.* (shalls hence?)

Bell. Farewell boyes: *Roger* what wine sent they for?

Ro. Bastard wine, for if it had bin truly begotten, it wud not ha bin ashamde to come in, her's vis. to pay for nurling the bastard.

Bell. A company of rookes! O good sweete *Roger*, run to the Poulters and buy me some fine Larkes.

Ro. No woodcocks?

Bell. Yes faith a couple, if they be not deare.

Ro. He buy but one, theres one already here. *Exit.*

Enter Hipolito.

Hipo. Is the gentleman (my friend) departed mistress?

Bell. His backe is but new-turnd syr.

Hipo. Fare you well. *Bell.* I can direct you to him.

Hipo. Can you? pray,

Bell. If you please stay, heele not be absent long.

Hipo. I care not much.

Bell. Pray sit forsooth, *Hipo.* I'me hot.

Hipo. If may vse your roome, ile rather walke.

Bell. At your best pleasure- whew-some rut bers there.

Hipo. Indeed ile non: - Indeed I will not: thanks.

Pretty-fine-lodging. I perceiue my friend

Is old in your acquaintance. *Bell.* Troth syr, he comes

As other gentlemen, to spend spare howers;

As your selfe like our rooffe (such as it is)

Your owne acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hipo. Say I did like; what welcome should I find?

Bell. Such as my present fortunes can afford.

Hipo. But would you let me play *Matheos* part?

Bell. What part?

Hipo. Why imbrace you: dally with you, kisse:

Faith tell me, will you leaue him, and loue me?

Bell. I am in bondes to no man syr. *Hipo.* Why then,

Yare free for any man: if any, me.

But I must tell you Lady, were you mine,

You should be all mine: I could brooke no sharers,

I should be couetous, and sweepe vp all.

THE HONEST WHORE.

I should be pleasures vsurer; faith I should.

Bell. O fate!

Hipo. Why sigh you Lady? may I knowe?

Bell. T'was neuer bin my fortune yet to single
Out that one man, whose loue could fellow mine.
As I haue euer wish't it: ô my Stars!
Had I but met with one kind gentleman,
That would haue purchac'd sin alone, to himselfe,
For his owne private vse, although scarce proper:
Indifferent handsome; meetly leg'd and thyed:
And my allowance reasonable-yfaith,
According to my body-by my troth,
I would haue bin as true vnto his pleasures,
Yea, and as loyall to his afternoones,
As euer a poore gentlewoman could be.

Hipo. This were well now, to one but newly fledg'd,
And scarce a day old in this fittle world:
Twere prettie Art, good bird-lime, cunning net;
But come, come, faith-confesse: how many men
Haue drunke this selfe-same protestation,
From that red tycing lip?

Bell. Indeed not any.

Hipo. Indeed? and blush not?

Bell. No, in truth not any.

Hipo. Indeed? in truth!-how warily you sweare?
Tis well: fill it be not: yet had I
The ruffian in me, and were drawne before you
But in light cullors, I doe know indeed,
You could not sweare indeede, But thunder oathes
That should shake heauen, drowne the harmonious spheres;
And pierce a soule (that leu'd her makers honour)
With horror and amazement.

Bell. Shall I sweare?

Will you belecue me then?

Hipo. Worst then of all,
Our sins by custome, seeme (at last) but small,
Were I but o're your threshold, a next man,
And after him a nex^t, and then a fourth,

Should

THE HONEST WHORE.

Should haue this golden hooke, and lasciuious baite,
Throwne out to the full length, why let me tell you:
Tha seene letters sent from that white hand,
Tuning such musicke to *Mathews* care.

Bell. *Mathao*! thats true, but beleue it, I
No sooner had laid hold vpon your presence,
But straight mine eye conueid you to my heart.

Hipo. Oh, you cannot faine with me, why, I know Lady,
This is the common passion of you all,
To hooke in a kind gentleman, and then
Abuse his coyne, conueying it to your loue,
And in the end you shew him a french trick,
And so you leaue him, that a coach may run
Betweene his legs for bredth.

Bell. O by my soule!
Not I: therein ile proue an honest whore,
In being true to one, and to no more.

Hipo. If any be disposde to trust your oath,
Let him: ile not be he, I know you feine
All that you speake, I: for a mingled harlot,
Is true in nothing but in being false.
What! shall I teach you how to loath your selfe?
And mildly too: not without sense or reason.

Bell. I am content, I would faine loath my selfe,
If you not loue me.

Hipo. Then if your gracious blood be not all wasted,
I shall assay to doo't,
Lend me your silence, and attention, - you haue no soule,
That makes you wey so light: heauens treasure bought it,
And halfe a crowne hath sold it: - for your body
Is like the common shoare, that still receiues
All the townes filth. The sin of many men
Is within you, and thus much I suppose,
That if all your committers stood in ranke,
Theide make a lane, (in which your shame might dwell)
And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
Nay, shall I vrge it more, there has bene knowne,

THE HONEST WHORE.

As many by one harlot, may m'd and dismembred,
 As would ha stuf't an Hospitall: this I might
 Apply to you, and perhaps doe you right:
 O y' are as base as any beast that beares,
 Your body is ee'ne hirde, and so are theirs.
 For gold and sparkling jewells, (if he can)
 Youle let a Jewe get you with christian:
 Be he a Moore, a Tartar, tho his face
 Looke vglie then a dead mans scull,
 Could the diuel put on a humane shape,
 If his purse shake out crownes, vp then he gets,
 Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits:
 So that y' are crueller then Turkes, for they
 Sell Christians onely, you sell your selues away.
 Why those that loue you, hate you: and will terme you
 Lickerish damnation: with themselves halfe sunke
 After the sin is laid out, and ee'ne curse
 Their fruitlesse riot, (for what one begets
 Another poisons) lust and murder hit,
 A tree being often shooke, what fruit can knit?

Bell. O me vnhappy!

Hip. I can vex you more;

A harlot is like *Dunkirke*, true to none,
 Swallowes both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,
 Blacke-doord Italian, last of all the French,
 And he sticks to you faith: giues you your diet,
 Brings you acquainted, first with monsieur Doctor,
 And then you know what followes.

Bell. Misery.

Ranke, stinking, and most loathsome misery.

Hip. Me thinks a toad is happier then a whore,
 That with one poison swells, with thousands more
 The other stocks her veines; harlot? fie! fie,
 You are the miserablest Creatures breathing,
 The very slaues of nature: marke me else,
 You put on rich attires, others eyes weare them,
 You eat, but to supply your blood with sin,
 And this strange curse ee'ne haunts you to your graues.

From

The converted Courtizan.

From fooles you get, and spend it vpon slaues:
Like Beares and Apes, y^e are bayted & shew tricks
For money, but your Bawd the sweetnesse licks.
Indeed you are their Iourney-women, and do
All base and damnd workes they list let you to:
So that you n^ere are rich; for doe but shew me,
In present memory, or in ages past,
The fairest and most famous Courtizan,
Whole flesh was dearst; that raised the price of sin,
And held it vp, to whose intemperate bosome,
Princes, Earles, Lords, the worlt has bin a knight,
The meanst a Gentleman, haue offered vp
Whole Hecatombs of sighs, & rained in shewes
Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at last
Diseases suckt her marrow, then grew so poore,
That she has begd e^ene at a beggers doore.
And (wherin heauⁿ has a finger) when this Idoll,
From coast to coast, has leapt on forraine shores,
And had more worship, th^en th^e outlandish whores,
When seuerall nations haue gone ouer her,
When for each seuerall City she has seene,
Her maidenhead has bin new, & bin sold deare:
Did liue wel there, & might haue dide vnknowne
And vndefam^d, back comes she to her owne,
And there both miserably liues and dyes,
Scornd euen of those, that once ador^d her eyes,
As if her fatall-circled life thus ranne,
Her pride should end there, where it first began.
What, do you weep, to heare your story read?
Nay, if you spoyle your cheeks, Ile read no more.

Est. O yes, I pray proceed:

Indeed 'twill do me good to weep indeed.

Hep. To giue those teares a relish, this I adde,
Y^e are like the Iewes, scatterd, in no place certain,
Your daies are tedious, your houres burdensome:
And wer't not for full suppers, midnight Reuels,
Dauncing, wine, ryotous meetings, which do drowne,
And bury quite in you all vertuous thoughts,

E

And

The converted Courtizan.

And on your eye-lids hang so heauily,
They haue no power to looke so high as heauen;
Youde sit and muse on nothing but despayre,
Cursethat deuil *Lust*, thatso burnes vp your blood;
And in ten thousand shiuers breake your glasse
For his temptation. Say you taste delight,
To haue a golden Gull from rize to Set,
To meat you in his hote luxurious armes,
Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dreame
Of warrants, whips, & Beadles, and then start
At a dores windy creak: thinke euery Weezle
To be a Constable: and euery Rat
A long tayld Officer: Are you now not slaues?
Oh you haue damnation without pleasure for it!
Such is the state of Harlots, To conclude,
When you are old, and can well paynt no more,
You turne Bawd, and are then worse then before:
Make vse of this: farewell.

Bel. Oh, I pray stay.

Hip. I see *Mattheo* comes not: time hath bard me,
Would all the Harlots in the towne had heard me, *Exit.*

Bel. Stay yet a little longer, no: quite gone!
Curst be that minute (for it was no more,
So soone a mayd is chang'd into a Whore)
Wherein I first fell, be it for euer blacke;
Yet why should sweet *Hipolito* shun mine eyes;
For whose true loue I would becom pure-honest,
Hate the worlds mixtures, & the smiles of gold:
Am I not sayre? Why should he flye me then?
Faire creatures are desir'd, not scornd of men,
How many Gallants haue drunk healthes to me,
Out of their daggerd armes, & thought the blest,
Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigall feasts!
And does *Hipolito* detest my loue?
Oh, sure their heedlesse lusts but flattred me,
I am not pleasing, beautifull nor young.
Hipolito hath spyed some vgly blemish,
Eclipsing all my beauties: I am foule:

Harlot

The converted Courtizan.

Harlot! I, that's the spot that taints my soule:
his weapon let heere? O fit instrument,
To let forth all the poyson of my flesh!
Thy M. hates me, cause my blood hath rang'd:
But what is forth, then heele beleue I me chag'd.

Hip. Mad woman, what art doing? *Enter*

Bel. Eyt her loue me, *Hipo.*

Or cleave my bolome on thy Rapiers poynt:
Yet doe not neyther; for thou then destroyst
That which I loue thee for (thy vertues) here, here,
Th'art crueller, and kilst me with disdayne:
To die so, sheds no blood, yet tis worse payne. *Exit*
Not speake to me! not looke! not bid farewell! *Hipol.*
Hated! this must not be, some meanes I le try.
Would all Whores were as honest now, as I. *Exeunt.*

SCENA 7.

*Enter Candido, his wife, George, and two Prentices in the
shop; Fusigo enters, walking by.*

Geor. See Gentlemen, what you lack: a fine Holland,
a fine Cambrick, see what you buy. (you lacke)

I. Pr. Holland for shirts, Cambrick for bands, what ist

Fust. Sfoot, I lack em all, nay more, I lack money to buy
em: let me see, let me looke agen: masse this is the shop;
What Coz! sweet Coz! how dost ifayth, since last night
after candlelight? we had good sport itayth, had we not?
and when shall laughagen?

W. When you will, Cozen. (husband.)

Fust. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonia: I see yonders thy

W. I, ther's the sweet youth, God bleffe him.

Fust. And how ist Cozen? & how? how ist thou squall?

W. Well, Cozen, how fare you?

Fust. How fare I? troth, for sixpence a meale, wench, as
wel as heart can wish, with Calues chaldrons and chitter-
lings, besides I haue a *Puck* after supper, as good as a ro-

Cand. Are you n.y wives Cozen? (ited Apple,

Fust. I am, sir, what hast thou to do with that?

Cand. O, nothing but y'are welcome.

The converted Courtizan.

Fuß. The Devils dung in thy teeth: Ile be welcom whether thou wilt or no, I: what Ring's this Coz? very pretty and fantasticall if sayth, lets see it.

Wife. Puh! nay you wrench my finger.

Fuß. I ha sworne Ile ha't, and I hope you wil not let my othes be crackt in the ring, wil you? I hope sir, you are not mallicolly at this for all your great lookes: are you angry?

Can. Angry? not I sir, nay, if she can part So easily with her Ring, tis with my heart.

Geo. Suffer this sir, and suffer all, a whorson Gull to—

Can. Peace George, whē she has reapt what I haue sowne, Sheele say, one grayne tastes better of her owne, Then whole sheaues gathered from anothers land: Wir's neuer good, til bought at a deare hand. (body.

Geo. But in the meane time she makes an Assē of some

2.*Pr.* Sec, see, see, sir, as you turne your backe, they do nothing but kisse.

Can. No matter, let 'em: when I touch her lip, I shall not feele his kisses, no nor misse Any of her lips: no harme in kissing is.

Looke to your businesse, pray make vp your wares.

Fuß. Troth Coz, and well remembered, I would thou wouldst giue mee fīue yards of Lawne, to make my *Panke* some falling bands a the fashio, three falling one vpō another: for thats the new editio now: she's out of linnen horribly too, troth, sha's neuer a good smock to her back neyther, but one that has a great many patches in't, & that I'm faine to weare my selfe for want of shift too: prithe put me into hole some napery, & bestow some clean commodities vpō vs.

Wife. Reach me those Cambricks & the Lawnes hither. *Can.* What to doe, wife? to launth out my goods vpon a foole?

Fuß. Foole! Sneales eate the foole, or Ile so batter your crowne, that it shall scarce go for fīue shillings.

2.*Pr.* Do you heare sir? yare best be quiet, & say a foole

Fuß. Nailes, I think so, for thou telst me. (tels you so.

Can. Are you angry sir, because I namde the foole? Trust me, you are not wise, in mine owne house,

And

The converted Courtezan.

And to my face to play the Anticke thus:
If youle needs play the mad man, choose a stage
Of lesser compasse, where few eyes may note
Your actions errour; but if still you misse,
As heere you doe, for one clap, ten will misse.

Fust. Zounds Cozen, he talkes to me, as if I were a scurvy Tragedian.

2. Prent. Sirra George, I ha thought vpon a deuice, how to breake his pate, beat him soundly, and ship him away.

Geor. Doo't. *2. Prent.* Ile go in, passe through the house, giue some of our fellow Prentises the watch-word when they shall enter, then come and fetch my master in by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgell the Gul out of his coxcombe.

Geor. Doo't, away, doo't,

Wife. Must I call twise for these Cambricks & lawnest?

Cand. Nay see, you anger her, *George*, prithee dispatch.

2. pr. Two of the choicest pieces are in the warehouse, sir.

Cand. Go fetch them presently. *Exit 1. Prentice.*

Fust. I, do, make haste, sirra.

Cand. Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wiues Colent?

Fust. Stranger? no sir, Ime a naturall Millaner borne.

Cand. I perceyue still it is your naturall guise to mistake me, but you are welcom sir, I much wish your acquaintāce.

Fust. My acquaintāce? I scorne that itayth; I hope, my acquaintāce goes in chaines of gold three and fifty times double: you know who I meane, Coz, the posts of his gate are a painting to,

Enter the 2. Prentice,

2. Pr. Signior Pandulfo the Marchāt desires conference with you. *Cand. Signior Pandulfo.* Ile be with him straight, Attend your mistris and the Gentleman.

Wife. When do you ihew those pieces? *Exit.*

Om. Presently sir, presently, we are but charging the.

Fust. Come sirra, you Flat-cap, where be these whites?

Ge. Flat-cap? heark in your eare sir, yare a flat foole, an Ass, a gull, & lethan you; do you see this cambrick, sir?

The converted Courtizan.

Fust. Sfoot Coz, a good iest, did you heare him? he told me in my eare, I was a flat scole, an Asse, a Gull, and Ile thrum you: doe you see this Cambrick sir?

Wi. What, not my men, I hope?

Fust. No, not your men, but one of your men if sayth.

1. Pr. I pray sir, come hither, what say you to this? heres an excellent good one. (1000 yards.)

Fust. I marry, this likes me well, cut me off some halte

2. Pr. Let your whores cut, yare an impudent coxcomb, you get none, & yet Ile thrum you, - A very good Cambrick sir.

Fust. Agen, agen, as God iudge me: Sfoot, Coz, they stand thruming here with me all day, & yet I get nothing.

1. Pr. A word I pray sir, you must not be angry, prentices haue hote blouds, young fellowes, - What say you to this piece? looke you, tis so delicate, so soft, so euen, so fine a thrid, that a Lady may weare it.

Fust. Sfoot I thinke so, if a Knight marry my Punct, a Lady shall weare it: cut me off 20. yards: th'art an honest

1. Pr. Not without mony, gull, & Ile thrū you to. (lad, *Om.* Gull, weele thrum you.

Fust. O Lord, sister, did you not heare something cry thur p? zounds your men here make a plaine Asse of me,

Wi. What, to my face so impudent?

Geor. I, in a cause so honest, weele not suffer Our masters goods to vanish monyleffe.

Wife. You will not suffer them.

2. Pr. No, and you may blush,
In going about to vex so mild a brest,
As is our masters. *Wi.* Take away those pieces,
Cozen, I giue them freely.

Fust. Maile, and Ietake em as freely.

Om. Weele make you lay em down agen more freely.

Wi. Help, help, my brother wilbe murdered. *Enter Can.*

Can. How now, what coyle is here? forbeare, I say.

Geor. He cals vs Flatcaps, and abuses vs.

Can. Why, sirs? do such examples flow from me?

Wi. They are of your keeping sir, alas poore brother.

Fust. I

The converted Courtizan.

Fust. I sayth they ha pepperd me, sister: looke, doost not spin? call you these Prentices? Ile nere play at cards more whē clubs is trump: I haue a goodly coxcomb, sister, haue

Cand. Sister and brother, brother to my wife. (I not?

Fust. If you haue any skill in Heraldry, you may soone know that, break but her pate, and you shal see her blood and mine is all one.

Can. A Surgeon, run, a Surgeon: Why then wore you that forged name of Cozen?

Fust. Because its a common thing to call Coz, and Ningle now adayes all the world ouer.

Cand. Cozen! A name of much deceyt, folly and sin, For vnder that common abused word, Many an honest tempred Cityzen Is made a monster, and his wife traynd out To foule adulterous action, full of fraud, I may well call that word, A Cities Bawd.

Fust. Troth, brother, my sister would needs ha me take vpon me to gull your patience a little: but it has made double Gules on my coxcomb. (foole?

Wife. What, playing the woman? blabbing now you

Cand. O, my wife did but exercise a iest vpon your wit.

Fust. Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, me thinks.

Cand. Then let this warning more of sence afford, The name of Cozen is a bloody word.

Fust. Ile nere call Coz agen whilst I liue, to haue such a coyle about it: this should be a Coronation day; for my head runnes Claret lustily. *Exit.* *Enter an Officer.*

Can. Go with the Surgeon to haue great respect, How now, my friend, what, do they sit to day?

Off. Yes sir, they expect you at the Senate-house.

Can. I thâk your paines, Ile not be last man there. *Exit*
My gowne, *George*, goe, my gowne. A happy land, *Off.*
Where graue men meet each cause to vnderstand,
Whose consciences are not cut out in brybes,
To gull the poore mans right: but in euen scales,
Peize rich & poore, without corruptions veyles,
Come, wheres the gowne? *Ge.* I cannot find the key sir.
Cand. Request it of your mistris.

The converted Courtizan.

Wife, Come not to me for any Key,
He not be troubled to deliuer it.

Cand. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needfull trouble,
but for my Gowne.

Wife, Mothes swallow downe your Gowne:
You set my teeth an edge with talking on't.

Cand. Nay prythee sweet, I cannot meet without it,
I should haue a great Fyne set on my head.

Wife. Set on your Coxcomb: tush, Fine me no Fines.

Cand. Belceue me sweet, none greets the Senate-house,
Without his Robe of reuerence, that's his Gowne.

Wife. Well, then y^e are like to crosse that custome once,
You get nor key, nor gowne, and so depart:
This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart, *Exit*

Cand. Stay, let me see, I must haue some deuice,
My cloke's too short: fye, fye, no cloke will doo't:
It must be something fashioned like a Gowne,
With my armes out: oh *George*, come hither *George*,
I prythee lend me thine aduice. *(open chest.*

Geor. Truth sir, were it any but you, they would breake

Cand. O no, break open chest! that's a theeues office:
Therein you counsell me against my bloud:

I would shew impatience that, any meeke meanes
I would be glad to imbrace. Masse, I haue got it:
Go, step vp, fetch me downe one of the Carpets,
The saddest colourd Carpet, honest *George*,
Cut thou a hole ith middle for my necke,

Two for mine armes, nay prythee looke not strange,

Geor. I hope you doe not thinke sir, as you meane.

Cand. Prythee about it quickly, the houre chides me:
Warily *George*, softly, take heed of eyes, *Exit George.*
Out of two euils hee's accounted wise,
That can pick out the least; the Fine imposse
For an vngowned Senator, is about
Forty Cruzadoes, the Carpet not 'boue foure.
Thus haue I chosen the lesser euill yet,
Preferu'd my patience, soyl'd her desperate wit.

Geo. Here sir, here's the Carpet. *Enter George.*

Cand. O

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cand. O well done, *George*, weele cut it iust ike miditt:
Tis very well I thanke thee, helpe it on. (tiscoate.

Ge. It must come ouer your head, sir, like a wench's pe-

Cand. Th'art in the right, good *George*, it must indeed.

Fetch me a nightcap: for Ile gyrd it close,
As if my health were queazy: 'twill show well
For a rude carelesse night-gowne, wil't not thinkst?

Ge. Indifferent wel, sir, for a night-gowne, being girt &

Cand. I, and a night-cap on my head. (pleated.

Ge. Thats true sir, Ile run & fetch one, & a staffe. *Exit Ge.*

Cand. For thus they cannot chuse but consler it,

One that is out of health, takes no delighr,
Weares his apparrell without appetite,
And puts on heedles rayment without forme. *Enter Geo.*
So so, kind *George*, be secret now: & prithe do not laugh
at me till I me out of sight. *Geo.* I laugh? not I sir.

Cand. Now to the Senate-house:

Me thinks, Ide rather weare, without a frowne,
A patient Carpet, then an angry Gowne. *Exit.*

Ge. Now looks my M. iust like one of our carpet knights,
only hee's fomewhat the honestest of the two. *Enter Cand.*

Wi. What, is your master gone? *didoes Wise.*

Geo. Yes forsooth, his backe is but new turnd.

Wi. And in his cloke? did he not vexe and sweare?

Geo. No, but heele make you sweare anon: no indeed,
hee went away like a lambe.

Wife. Key sinke to hell: still patient, patient still!

I am with child to vexe him: prythee *George*,

If ere thou lookst for fauour at my hands,

Vphold one Iest for me. *Geo.* Against my master?

Wi. Tis a meere iest in sayth: say, wilt thou doo't?

Geo. Well, what ist? (lie,

Wi. Heere, take this key, thou knowst where all things

Put on thy masters best apparell, Gowne,

Chayne, Cap, Ruffe, euery thing, be like himselfe,

And 'gainst his coming home, walke in the shop,

Fayne the same cariage, and his patient looke,

'Twill breed but a iest thou knowst, speake, wilt thou?

Geo. 'Twill wright my masters patience,

THE HONEST WHORE.

W. Prythee George. *Geor.* Well, if youle saue me harmlesse, and put me vnder couert barne, I am content to please you, provided it may breed no wrong against him,

W. No wrong at all: here take the Key, be gone: If any vex him, this: if not this, none. *Exit.*

SCENA 8.

Enter a Bawd and Roger.

Bawd. O *Roger*, *Roger*, where's your mistress, where's your mistress? there's the finest, neatest Gentleman at my house, but newly come over: O where is she, where is she, where is she?

Rog. My mistress is abroad, but not amongst em: my mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.

Baw. How? is she not a whore? do you go about to take away her good name, *Roger*? you are a fine Pandar indeed.

Rog. I tell you, *Madona Finger-locke*, I am not sad for nothing, I ha not eaten one good meale this three & thirty dayes: I had wont to get sixteene pence by fetching a pottle of *Hypocras*: but now those dayes are past: we had as good doings, *Madona Finger-locke*, she within dores and I without, as any poore yong couple in Millain.

Baw. Gods my life, and is she chang'd now?

Rog. I ha lost by her squeamishness, more then would haue builded 12. bawdy houses.

And had she no time to turn honest but now? what a vile woman is this? twenty pound a night, Ile be sworn, *Roger*, in good gold and no silver: why here was a time, if she should ha pickt out a time, it could not be better! gold y-nough stirring; choyce of men, choyce of haire, choyce of beards, choyce of legs, and choyce of euery, euery, euery thing: it cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an Ass. *Roger*, I neuer belecue it.

Rog. Here she comes now.

Enter Bellafronte.

Baw. O sweet *Madona*, on with your loose gowne, your felt & your feather, there's the sweetest, properest, gallantest Gentleman at my house, he smells all of Muske & Amber greece, his pocket full of Crownes, flame-colour'd dublet, red satin hose, Carnation silk stockins, and a leg and a body, oh!

Bel. Hence

THE HONEST WHORE.

Bel. Hence, thou our sexes monster, poysonous Bawd,
Lusts Factor, and damnations Orator,
Gossip of hell, were all the Harlots sinnes
Which the whole world conteynes, numbred together,
Thine farre exceeds them all; of all the creatures
That euer were created, thou art basest:
What serpent would beguile thee of thy Office?
It is detestable: for thou liu'st

Vpon the dregs of Harlots, guard'st the dore,
Whilst couples goe to dauncing: O course deuill!
Thou art the bastards curse, thou brandst his birth,
The lechers French disease, for thou dry-suckst him:
The Harlots poyson, and thine owne confusion.

Baw. Mary come vp with a pox, haue you no body to
raile against, but your Bawd now?

Bel. And you, Knaue Pandar, kinsman to a Bawd.

Rog. You and I *Madona*, are Cozens.

Bel. Of the same bloud and making, neere allyed,
Thou, that slave to sixpence, base-mettrall villayne.

Rog. Sixpence? nay that's not so; I neuer took vnder two
shillings foure pence, I hope I know my fee.

Bel. I know not against which most to inueigh:
For both of you are damnd so equally.

Thou neuer spar'st for oathes: sweart any thing,
As if thy soule were made of shoe-leather,

God dam me, Gentleman, if she be within,

When in the next roome she's found dallying.

Rog. If it be my vocation to sweare, euery man in his voca-
tion: I hope my betters sweare and dam themselues, and
why should not I? *Bel.* Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen?

Rog. The more gulls they.

Bel. Slave, I casheere thee.

Baw. And you do casheere him, he shalbe entertaynd.

Rog. Shall I? then blurt a your seruice.

Bel. As hell would haue it, entertaynd by you!
I dare the deuill himselfe to match those two. *Exit.*

Baw. Mary gup, are you growne so holy, so pure, so ho-
nest with a pox?

THE HONEST WHORE,

Reg. Scuruy honest Punck! But stay *Madona*, how must our agreement be now? for you know I am to haue all the commings in at the hall dore, & you at the chamber dore.

Es. True *Reg.* except my vailles. *Reg.* Vailles, what vailles?

Es. Why as thus, if a couple come in a Coach, & light to lie down a little, then *Roger*, thats my fee, & you may walk abroad; for the Coach-man himselfe is their Pandar.

Ro. Is a fo'e in truth I haue al nost forgot, for want of exercise: But how if I fetch this Citizens wifeto that Gull, & that *Madona* to that Gallant, ho y then?

Es. Why then, *Roger*, you are to haue sixpence a lane, so many lanes, so many sixpences.

Ro. Ist so? the I see we two shall agree and liue together.

Es. I *Roger*, so long as there be any Tauernes and bawdy houses in Millain.

Exeunt.

SCENA 9.

*Enter Bellafronte with a Lute, pen, inke and paper
being plac'd before her.*

Song.

THe Courtiers flattering Iewels,
(Temptations onely Jewels)

The Lawyers ill-got monyes,

That sucke vp poore Bees Honyes;

The Citizens sonnes ryot,

The gallant costly dyet:

Silks and Veluets, Pearles and Awbers,

Shall not draw me to their Chambers.

Silks and Veluets, &c.

Shee
writes.

Oh, tis in vayn to write; it will not please,
Inke on this paper would ha but presented
The foule blacke spots that sticke vpon my soule,
And rather make me lothfomer, then wrought
My loues impressiō in *Hipolitoes* thought.
No, I must turne the chaste leaues of my brest,
And pick out some sweet meanes to breed my rest.
Hipolito, beleeue me I will be
As true vnto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,

And

THE HONEST WHORE.

And hate all men, their gifts and company.

Enter Mathew, Castruccio, Fluello, Fioratto.

Mat. You, goody Punck, *subandi* Cockatrice, O yare a sweet whore of your pro wife, are you not think you? how wel you came to supper to vs last night: mew, a whore & breake her word! nay you may blush, & hold downe your head at it wel ynough: Sfoot, aske these gallants if we staid not till we were as hungry as Seriants,

Flu. I, and their Yeoman too.

Cast. Nay sayth *Acquaintance*, let me tell you, you forgot your selfe too much: we had excellēt cheere, rare vintage, and were drunke after supper.

Pior. And when wee were in our Woodcocks (Sweet Rogue) a brace of Gullies, dwelling here in the City, came in & payd all the shot. *Mat.* Pox on her, let her alone.

Eel. O, I pray doe, if you be Gentlemen:

I pray depart the house; bespew the dore

For being so easily entreated: sayth,

I lent but little care vnto your talke,

My mind was busied otherwise in troth,

And so your words did vnregarded passe:

Let this suffice, I am not as I was.

Flu. I am not what I was! no Ile be sworne thou art not: for thou wert honest at fise, & now th'art a Puncke at fiftcene: thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now th'art a cunning Conny-catching Baggage to day.

Bel. Ile say I me worse, I pray forsake me then,

I doe desire you leaue me, Gentlemen,

And leaue your selues: O be not what you are,

(Spendthrifts of soule and body)

Let me perswade you to forsake all Harlots,

Worsethē the deadliest poysons, they are worse!

For o're their soules hangs an eternall curse,

In being slaues to slaues, their labours perish,

Th'are seldome blest with fruit; for ere it blossoms,

Many a worme confounds it.

They haue no issue but foule vgly ones,

That run along with them, e'ne to their graues:

For stead of children, they breed ranke diseases,

THE HONEST WHORE.

And all, you Gallants, can bestow on them,
Is that French Infant, which n'ere acts but speaks:
What shallow sonne & heire then, foolish gallāt,
Would waste all his inheritance, to purchase
A filthy loathd disease? and pawne his body
To a dry euill: that vsurie's worst of all,
When th'interest will eate out the principall.

Mat. Sfoot, she guls em the best: this is alwaies
her fashion, when she would be rid of any com-
pany that she cares not for, to inioy mine alone.

Flu. Whats here? instructions, Admonitions, and Caue-
ats? come out, you scabberd of vengeance.

Mat. *Fluello*, spurne your hounds when they fyfte, you
shall not spurne my Punk, I can tell you my bloud is vext,

Flu. Pox a your bloud: make it a quarrell,

Mat. Y'are a Slaue, will that serue turne?

Omn. Sbloud, hold, hold,

Cast. *Matheo*, *Fluello*, for shame put vp.

Mat. Spurne my sweet Varie!

Bel. O how many thus

Mou'd with a little tolly, haue let out
Their soules in Brothell houses, fell downe and dyed
Iust at their Harlots foot, as 'twere in pride.

Flu. *Matheo*, we shall meet.

Mat. I, I, any where, sauing at Church: pray take heed
we meet not there.

Flu. Aduē, Damnation.

Cast. Cockatrice, farewell.

P. There's more deceit in women, then in hel. *Exeunt.*

Mat. Ha, ha, thou doest gull em so rarely, so naturally: if
I did not think thou hadst bin in earnest: thou art a sweet
Rogue for't isayth.

Bel. Why are not you gone to, Signior *Matheo*?
I pray depart my house: you may belectu me,
In troth I haue no part of Harlot in me.

Mat. How's this?

Bel. Indeed I loue you not: but hate you worse
Then any man, because you were the first

Gauē

THE HONEST WHORE.

Gaue money for my soule; you brake the Ice,
Which after turnd a puddle: I was led
By your temptation to be miserable:
I pray seeke out some other that will fall,
Or rather (I pray) seeke out none at all.

Mat. It is possible, to be impossible, an honest whore! I have heard many honest wenches turne Strumpets with a wet finger; but for a Harlot to turne honest, is one of *Hercules* labours: It was more easie for him in one night to make fifty queanes, then to make one of them honest again in fifty yeeres: come, I hope thou doost but iest.

Bel. Tis time to leaue off iesting, I had almost iested away Saluation: I shall loue you, If you will soone forsake me.

Mat. God buy thee.

Bel. Oh, tempt no more womē: shun their weighty curse,
Women (at best) are bad, make them not worke,
You gladly seeke our sexes ouerthrow:
But not to rayse our states for all your wrongs.
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompence,
To marry with me?

Mat. How, marry with a Punck, a Cockatrice, a Harlot? mary for, Ile be burnt thorow the nose first.

Bel. Why la? these are your othes: you loue to vndo vs,
To put heauen from vs, whilst our best houres waite:
You loue to make vs lewd, but neuer chaste.

Mat. Ile heare no more of this: this ground vpon,
Th'art damn'd for altring thy Religion, *Exit.*

Bel. Thy lust and sin speake so much; go thou my ruine,
The first fall my soule tooke; by my example
I hope few maydens now will put their heads
Vnder mens girdels: who least trusts, is most wise:
Mens othes do cast a mist before our eyes,
My best of wit be ready: now I goe,
By some deuice to greet *Hispolto.*

THE HONEST WHORE.

SCENA IO.

*Enter a servant setting out a Table, on which he places
a scull, a picture, a booke and a Taper.*

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now must I to my
huswifry: would I had bin created a Shoemaker; for all the
gentlecraft are gentlemen euery Monday by their Copy,
& scorne (then) to worke one true stitch. My M. meanes
sure to turne me into a student; for here's my booke, here
my deske, here my light; this my close chamber, and heere
my Punck: so that this dull drowzy first day of the weeke,
makes me halfe a Priest, halfe a Chandler, halfe a paynter,
halfe a Sexton, I & halfe a Bawd: for (all this day) my office
is to do nothing but keep the dore. To proue it, looke you,
this good-face & yonder gentleman (so soone as euer my
back's turn'd) wilbe naught together. *Enter Hipolito.*

Hip. Are all the windowes shut? *Ser.* Close sr, as the fist
of a Courtier that hath stood in three raignes.

Hip. Thou art a faythfull seruant, and obseru't
The Calender, both of my solemne vowes,
And ceremonious sorrow: Get thee gone,
I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound
Of any womans voyce pierce through that dore.

Ser. If they do, my Lord, Ile pearce some of them.
What will your Lordship haue to breakfast?

Hip. Sighs. *Ser.* What to dinner? *Hip.* Teares.

Ser. The one of them, my Lord, will fill you too full of
wind, the other wet you too much. What to supper?

Hip. That which (now) thou canst not get me, the con-
stancy of a woman.

Ser. Indeed thats harder to come by then euer was
Ostend.

Hip. Prythee away.

Ser. Ile make away my selfe presently, which few Ser-
uants will doe for their Lords; but rather helpe to make
them away: Now to my dore-keeping, I hope to pick
something out of it. *Exit.*

Hip. My Infelices faces her brow, her eye;
The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill,

Hath

THE HONEST WHORE

Hath from the cunning workemans pencill flowne,
 These lippes looke fresh and lively as her owne,
 Seeming to mooue and speake. Las! now I see,
 The reason why fond women loue to buy
 Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read,
 False coulours last after the true be dead.
 Of all the Roses grafted on her cheekes,
 Of all the graces dauncing in her eyes,
 Of all the Musick set vpon her tongue,
 Of all that was past womans excellence,
 In her white bosome, looke! a painted board,
 Circumscribes all: Earth can no blisse afford.
 Nothing of her, but this? this cannot speake,
 It has no lap for me to rest vpon,
 No lip worth tasting: here the wormes will feed,
 As in her coffin: hence then idle Art,
 True loue's best picture in a true-loues heart.
 Here art thou drawne sweet maide, till this be dead,
 So that thou liu'st twice, twice art buried.
 Thou figure of my friend, lye there. Whats here?
 Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemies:
 'Las! say it were: I need not feare him now:
 For all his braues, his contumelious breath,
 His frownes (tho dagger-pointed) all his plot,
 (Tho 'here so mischieuous) his Italian pilles,
 His quarrels, and (that common sence) his law,
 See, see, they're all eaten out; here's not left one;
 How cleane they're pickt away! to the bare bone!
 How mad are mortals then to reare great names
 On tops of swelling houses? or to weare out
 Their fingers ends (in durt,) to scrape vp gould!
 Not caring so (that Sumpter-horse) the back
 Be hung with gawdy trappings, with what course,
 Yea rags most beggerly, they cloath the soule:
 Yet (after all) their *Gay-nes* lookes thus foule.
 What fooles are men to build a garish tombe,
 Onely to saue the carcasse whilst it rots,
 To maintein't long in stincking, make good carion,

THE HONEST WHORE.

But leaue no good deeds to preferue them sound,
 For good deedes keepe men sweet, long aboue ground,
 And must all come to this ; fooles ; wise, all hether,
 Must all heads thus at last be laid together :
 Draw me my picture then, thou graue neate workeman,
 After this fashion, not like this ; these coulours
 In time kissing but ayre, will be kist off,
 But heres a fellow ; that which he layes on,
 Till doomes day, alters not complexion.
 Deaths' the best Painter then : They that draw shapes,
 And liue by wicked faces, are but Gods Apes,
 They come but neere the life, and there they stay,
 This fellow drawes life to : his Art is fuller,
 The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his seruant.

Ser. Heres a person would speake with you Sir.

Hip. Hah !

Ser. A parson sir would speake with you.

Hip. Vicar ?

Ser. Vicar ? no sir, has too good a face to be a Vicar yet, 'a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth ? of man or woman ? lock the dores.

Ser. If it be a woman, mary-bones and Potato pies keepe me for medling with her, for the thing has got the breeches, tis a male-varlet sure my Lord, for a womans tayler nere measurd him.

Hip. Let him giue thee his message and be gone.

Ser. He sayes hees signior *Mathaos* man, but I know he lyes.

Hip. How doest thou know it ?

Ser. Cause has nere a beard : tis his boy I thinke sir, who soere paide for his nursing.

Hip. Send him and keepe the doore.

Reader.

Fata si liceat mihi,

Fingere arbitrio meo,

Temperem Zephyro leni vela.

Ide saile were I to choose, not in the Ocean,

Cedars

THE HONEST WHORE

Cedars are shaken, when shrubs doe feele no bruize;

Enter Bellafronte like a Page.

How? from *Mattheo*.

Bell. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Art sick?

Bell. Not all in health my Lord.

Hip. Keepe off.

Bell. I do:

Hard fate when women are compeld to wooe.

Hip. This paper does speake nothing.

Bell. Yes my Lord,

Matter of life it speakes, and therefore writ

In hidden Character; to me iusttuction

My maister giues, And (lesse you please to stay

Till you both meet) I can the text display.

Hip. Doe so: read out.

Bell. I am already out:

Looke on my face, and read the strangest story!

Hip. What villaine, ho? *Enter his seruant.*

Ser. Call you my Lord?

Hip. Thou slaue, thou hast let in the diuell.

Ser. Lord blesse vs, where? hees not clouen my Lord that
I can see: besides the diuell goes more like a Gentleman
than a Page: good my Lord *Boon couragio.*

Hip. Thou hast let in a woman, in mans shape.
And thou art dambd for't.

Ser. Not dambd I hope for putting in a woman to a Lord.

Hip. Fetch me my Rapier,--do not: I shall kill thee.
Purge this infected chamber of that plague,
That runnes vpon me thus: Slaue, thrust her hence.

Ser. Alas my Lord, I shall neuer be able to thrust her hence
without helpe: come Mermaid you must to Sea agen.

Bell. Here me but speake, my words shall be all Musick:
Here me but speake.

Hip. Another beates the dore,
T'other Shee-diuell, looke.

Ser. Why then hell's broke loose.

Exit.

Hip. Hence, guard the chamber: let no more come on,

THE HONEST WHORE.

One woman serues for mans damnation.
Besheue thee, thou doost make me violate,
The chastest and most sanctimonious vow,
That ere was entred in the court of heauen:
I was on meditations spottles wings,
vpon my iorney thether; like a storme
Thou beats my ripened cogitations,
flat to the ground: and like a theife doost stand,
To steale deuotion from the holy land.

Bel. If woman were thy mother; if thy hart,
Bee not all Marble, (or if Marble be)
Let my teares soften it, to pittie me,
I doe beseech thee doe not thus with scorne,
Destroy a woman.

Hip. Woman I beseech thee,
Get thee some other suite, this fits thee not,
I would not grant it to a kneeling Queene,
I cannot loue thee, nor I must not: See,
The copy of that obligation,
Where my soule's bound in heauy penalties.

Bel. She's dead you told me, shiele let' fal her suite.

Hip. My vovves to her, fled after her to heauen,
Were thine eyes cleere as mine, thou mightst behold her,
Watching vpon yon battlements of starres,
How I obserue them: should I breake my bond,
This bord would riue in twaine, these wooden lippes
Call me most periurde villaine, let it suffice,
I ha set thee in the path; Is not a signe,
I loue thee, when with one so most most deare,
Ile haue thee fellowes? All are fellowes there.

Bel. Be greater then a king, saue not a body,
But from eternall shipwracke keepe a soule,
If not, and that againe, sinnes path I tread,
The grieve be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

Hip. Stay and take Phisicke for it, read this booke,
Aske counsell of this head whats to be done,
Hele stike it dead that tis damnation,
If you turne turke againe, oh doe it not,

THE HONEST WHORE.

The heauen cannot allure you to doe well
 From doing ill let hell fright you : and learne this,
 The soule whose bosome lust did neuer touch,
 Is Gods faire bride, and maidens soules are such:
 The soule that leauing chastities white shore,
 Swims in hot sensuall streames, is the diuels whore,
 How now : who comes. *Enter his seruant.*

Ser. No more knaues my Lord that weare smocks : heres
 a letter from doctor *Benedect* ; I would not enter his man, tho
 he had haire at his mouth, for feare he should be a woman, for
 some women haue bearded, mary they are halfe witches,
 Slid you are a sweete youth to weare a codpeece, and haue no
 pinnes to sticke vpon.

Hip. Ile meete the doctor, tell him, yet to night
 I cannot : but at morrow rising Sunne
 I will not faile : go : woman fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Bel. The lowest fall can be but into hell,
 It does not moue him. I must therefore fly,
 From this vndoing Cittie, and with teares,
 Wash off all anger from my fathers brow,
 He cannot sure but ioy seeing me new borne,
 A woman honest first and then turne whore,
 Is (as with me) common to thousands more,
 But from a strumpet to turne chaste : that sound,
 Has oft bin heard, that woman hardly found. *Exit.*

II. S C E . *Enter Fustigo, Crambo and Poli.*

Fus. Hold vp your hands gentlemen : heres one, two, three,
 (nay I warrant they are sound pistols , and without flawes , I
 had them (of my sister, and I know she vses to put nothing
 thats crackt,) three, foure, fiue, sixe, seuen, eight and nine, by
 this hand bring me but a piece of his bloud. and you shall
 haue 9. more. Ile lurke in a tauerne not far off, & provide sup-
 per to close vp the end of the Tragedy, the linnen drapers re-
 member-stand toot I beseech you, & play your partes perfectly.

Cram. Looke you Signior, tis not your golde that we way.

Fust. Nay, nay, way it and spare not, if it lacke one graine of
 Ile giue you a bushell of wheate to make it vp. (come;

Cram. But by your fauour Signior, which of the seruants

THE HONEST WHORE.

is it, because wele punish iustly.

Fust. Mary tis the head man; you shall tast him by his tongue a pretty tall prating fellow, with a *Tuscalonian* beard.

Po. Tuscalonian: very good.

Fust. Cods life I was neere so thrumbd since I was a gentleman: my coxcombe was dry beaten as if my haire had beene hemp. *Cram.* Wele dry beate some of them.

Fust. Nay it grew so high, that my sister cryed murder our very manfully; I haue her consent in a manner to haue him pepperd, els ile not doot to win more then ten cheaters do at a rising: breake but his pate or so, onely his mazer, because ile haue his head in a cloath aswell as mine, hees a linnen draper and may take enough. I could enter mine action of battery against him, but we may haps be both dead and rotten before the lawyers would end it.

Cram. No more to doe, but insconce your selfe i'th tauerne; prouide no great cheare, couple of Capons, some Pheasants, Plouers, an Oringeado-pie or so: but how bloody soere the day be, sally you not forth.

Fust. No, no, nay if I stir, some body shal sinke: ile not budge: ile lie like a dog in a manger.

Cram. Well, well, to the tauerne, let not our supper be raw, for you shall haue blood enough-your belly full.

Fust. Thats all so god sa me, I thirst after, bloud for bloud, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaster for plaster, and so farewell: what shal I call your names because ile leaue word, if any such come to the barre.

Cram. My name is Corporall *Crambo.*

Poh. and mine, Lieutenant *Poh.*

Exeunt.

Cram. Poli. Is as tall a man as euer opened Oyster: I would not be the diuell to meete *Poh.* farewell.

Fust. Nor I by this light, if *Poh* be such a *Poh.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Condidoes wife, in her shop, and the
two Prentises.*

Wife. Whats a clocke now.

2. Prent. Tis almost 12.

Wife

THE HONEST WHORE.

Wife. Thats well.

The Senate will leaue wording presently:

But is *George* ready,

2. *Pre.* Yes forsooth, hees surbushr:

Wife. Now as you euer hope to win my fauour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him,
With the like awe as if he were your maister,
Let not your lookes betray it with a smile,
Or icering glaunce to any customer,
Keepe a true Setled countenance, and beware,
You laugh not whatsoeuer you heare or see.

- 2. *Pren.* I warrant you mistris, let vs alone for keeping our
countenance: for if I list, theres neuer a foole in all *Myllan* shal
make me laugh, let him play the foole neuer so like an *Ass*,
whether it be the fat Court foole, or the leane Cittie foole.

Wife. enough then, call downe *George*.

2. *Pren.* I heare him comming.

Enter George.

1. *Wife.* Be redy with your legs then let me see,
How curtzy would become him: gallantly!
Bethrew my bloud a proper seemely man,
Of a choice carriage walkes with a good port,

Geo. I thanke you mistris, my back's broad enough, now
my Maisters gown's on.

Wife. Sure I should thinke it were the least of sin,
To mistake the maister, and to let him in.

Geo. Twere a good Comedy of errors that yfaith.

2. *Pre.* whist, whist, my maister.

Enter Candido, and Exit presently.

Wife. You all know your taskes: gods my life, whats that
hee has got vpon's backe? who can tell?

Geo. That can I, but I will not.

Wife. Girt about him like a mad-man: what: has he
lost his cloake too: this is the maddest fashion that ere I
saw.

What said he *George* when he passe by thee?

THE HONEST WHORE.

Geo. Troth Mistris nothing : not so much as a Bee, he did not hum : not so much as a bawd he did not hem : not so much as a Cuckold he did not ha : neither hum, hem, nor ha, onely starde me in the face, past along, and made haist in, as if my lookes had workt with him, to giue him a stoole.

Wi. Sure hees vext now, this trick has mou'd his Spleene, Hees angred now, because he vttered nothing : And wordlesse wrath breakes out more violent, May be heele strue for place, when he comes downe, But if thou lou'st me *George*, affoord him none.

Geo. Nay let me alone to play my maisters prize, as long as my Mistrisse warrants me : Ime sure I haue his best clothes on, and I scorne to giue place to any that is inferiour in apparell to me, thats an Axiom, a principle, & is obseru'd as much as the fashion ; let that perswade you then, that Ile shoulder with him for the vpper hand in the shop, as long as this chaine will mainteine it.

Wi. Spoke with the spirit of a Maister, tho with the tongue of a Prentise.

Enter Candido like a Prentise.

Why how now mad man ? what in your trickiscoates !

Cand. O peace good Mistrisse :

Enter Crambo and Poli.

See what you lack, what ist you buy ? pure Callicoës, fine Hollands, choise Cambricks, neate Lawnes : see what you buy ? pray come neere, my Maister will vse you well, hee can affoord you a pennyworth.

Wi. I that he can, out of a whole peece of Lawne ysaith.

Cand. Pray see your choise here Gentlemen.

Wi. O fine foole ? what a mad-man ? a patient mad-man ? who euer heard of the like ? well sir Ile fit you and your humour presently : what ? crosse-points, Ile vntie em all in a trice, Ile vex you saith : Boy take your cloake, quick, come. *Exit.*

Cand. Be couered *George*, this chaine, and weltd gowne, Bare to this coate : then the worlds vpside downe,

Geo. Vmh, vmh, hum.

Cram. Thats the shop, and theres the fellow.

Poli. I but the Maister is walking in there.

Cram.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cram. No matter, wee le in.

Pob. Sbloud doest long to lye in Limbo?

Cram. And Limbo be in hell, I care not.

Cand. Looke you Gentlemen, your choise : Ca m bricks?

Cramb. No sir, some shirting.

Cand. You shall.

Cram. Haue you none of this strip'd Canuas for doublets.

Cand. None strip'd sir, but plaine.

2. *Pren.* I thinke there be one peece strip'd within.

Geo. Siep sirra and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.

Cand. Looke you Gentlemen, Ile make but one spreading, heres a peece of cloth. fine, yet shall weare like Yron, tis without fault, take this vpon my word, tis without fault.

Cram. Then tis better than you sirra.

Cand. I, and a number more. ô that each soule Were but as spo-lesse as this Innocent white, And had as few brakes in it.

Cram. I would haue some then : there was a fray here last day in this shop.

Cand. I there was indeed a little flea-biting.

Pob. A Gentleman had his pate broake, call you that but a flea-biting.

Cand. He had so.

Cram. Zownes do you stand in't *He strikes him.*

Geo. Sfoot clubs, clubs, prentices, downe with em, ah you roagues, strike a Cittizen in's shop.

Cand. None of you stir I pray, forbear good *George.*

Cram. I beseech you sir, we mistooke our markes, deliuer vs our weapons.

Geo. Your head bleeds sir, crie clubes.

Cand. I say you shall not, pray be patient, Giue them their weapons, sirs you're best be gone.
I tell you here are boyes more tough then Beares:
Hence, lest more siffs do walke about your eares.

Both. We thanke you sir. *Exeunt.*

Can. You shall not follow them.

Let them alone pray, this did me no harme,
Trotch I was cold, and the blow made me warme,

H

I thanke

THE HONEST WHORE.

I thanke em for't : besides I had decreed
To haue a vaine prickt, I did meane to bleede,
So that theres mony sau'd : they are honest men,
Pray vse em well, when they appeare agen.

Geo. Yes sir, weele vse em like honest men.

Cand. I well said *George*, like honest men, tho they be ar-
rant knaues, for thats the phrase of the citty ; help to lay vp
these wares

Enter Candido's wife, with Officers.

Wife. Yonder he stands.

Off. What in a Prentise-coate ?

Wife. I, I, mad, mad, pray take heed.

Cand. How now ? what newes with them ? what make they
with my wife ? officers ? is she attachd ? looke to your wares.

Wife. He talkes to himselfe, oh hees much gone indeed.

Off. Pray pluck vp a good heart, be not so fearfull,
Sirs hearke, weele gather to him by degrees.

Wi. I, I, by degrees I pray : oh me ! what makes he with
the Lawne in his hand, heele teare all the ware in my shop.

Off. Feare not weele catch him on a sudden.

Wi. O you had need do so, pray take heed of your warrant

Off. I warrant mistris. -- Now Signior *Candido* ?

Cand. Now sir, what newes with you sir ?

Wi. What newes with you he sayes : oh hees far gon.

Off. I pray feare nothing, lets alone with him,
Signior, you looke not like your selfe me thinkes,
(Seale you a tother side) y^e are changde, y^e are altdred.

Cand. Change sir, why true sir, is change strange, tis not
the fashon vnlesse it alter: Monarkes turne to beggers ; beg-
gers creepe into the nests of Princes, Maisters serue their
prentises: Ladies their Seruingmen, men turne to women,

Off. And women turne to men.

Cand. I, and women turne to men, you say true, ha ha, a
mad world, a mad world.

Off. Haue we caught you sir ?

Cand. Caught me : well, well : you haue caught me.

Wi. Hee laughs in your faces.

Geo

THE HONEST WHORE.

Geo. A rescue Prentises, my maisters catch-pold.

Off. I charge you keepe the peace, or haue your legs gartered with Yrons, we haue from the Duke a warrant strong enough for what we doe.

Cand. I pray rest quiet, I desire no rescue.

Wi. La : he desires no rescue, las poore heart,

He talkes against himselfe.

Cand. Well, whats the matter ?

Off. Looke to that arme,

Pray make sure worke, double the cord.

Cand. Why, why ?

Wi. Looke how his head goes ! should he get but loose,

Oh twere as much as all our liues were worth.

Off. Feare not, wee le make all sure for our owne safetie.

Cand. Are you at leisure now ? well, whats the matter ?

Why do I enter into bonds thus ? ha ?

Off. Because y^e are mad, put feare vpon your wife.

Wi. Oh I, I went in danger of my life, every minute.

Cand. What ? am I mad say you, and I not know it ?

Off. That proues you mad, because you know it not.

Wi. Pray talke as little to him as you can,

You see hees too farre spent.

Cand. Bound with strong corde !

A Sisters thred yfaith had beene enough,

To lead me any where : Wife do you long ?

You are mad too, or els you do me wrong.

Geo. But are you mad indeed Maister ?

Cand. My Wife sayes so,

And what she sayes *George*, is all truth you know :

And whether now ? to *Bethlem Monastery* ? - ha ! whether ?

Off. Faith eene to the mad-mens pound.

Cand. A Gods name, still I feele my patience sound, *Exe.*

Geo. Come wee le see whether he goes, if the maister be mad, we are his seruants, and must follow his steps, wee le be mad caps too ; Farewell mistriss, you shall haue vs all in Bedlam.

Exeunt.

Wi. I thinke, I ha fitted now, you and your clothes,
If this moue not his patience, nothing can,

THE HONEST WHORE.

He sweare then I haue a saint, and not a man.

Exit.

13. SCE.

Enter Duke : Doctor, Fluelio, Castruchio, Pioratto.

Duk. Giue vs a little leaue : Doctor your newes,

Doc. I sent for him my Lord : at last he came,
And did receiue all speech that went from me,
As gilded pilies made to prolong his health :
My credit with him wrought it : for, some men,
Swallow euen empty hookes, like fooles, that feare
No drowning where tis deepest, cause tis cleare :
In th'end we sat and eate : a health I dranke
To *Infalices* sweete departed soule,
(This traine I knew would take.)

Duk. Twas excellent.

Doc. He fell with such deuotion on his knees.
To pledge the same.

Duk. Fond superstitious foole ?

Doc. That had he beene inflam'd with zeale of prayer ;
He could not power't out with more reuerence :
About my necke he hung, wept on my cheeke,
Kist it, and swore, he would adore my lippes,
Because they brought forth *Infalices* name :

Duk. Ha, ha, alack, alack.

Doc. The cup he lifts vp high, and thus he said,
Here noble maid : drinkes, and was poisoned.

Duk. And dyed ?

Doc. And dyed my Lord,

Duk. Thou in that word,
Hast pee'd mine aged houres out with more yeares,
Than thou hast taken from *Hipolito*,
A noble youth he was, but lesser branches
Hindring the greater growth, must be lop't off,
And feede the fier : Doctor w'are now all thine,
And vse vs so : be bold,

Doc. Thankes gracious Lord :
My honoured Lord :

Duke. Hmh.

Doc.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Doc. I doe beseech your grace to bury deepe,
This bloody act of mine.

Duk. Nay, nay, for that,
Doctor looke you toot: me it shall not moue,
Thei'r curs'de that ill doe, not that ill do loue,

Doc. You throw an angrv forehead on my face,
But be you pleas'd, backward thus far to looke,
That for your good this euill I vndertooke,

Duk. I, I, we conserfō:

Doc. And onely for your loue.

Duk. Confest: tis true.

Doc. Nor let it stand against me as a bar,
To thrust me from your presence: nor beleue
(As Princes haue quicke thoughts,) that now my finger
Being dipt in blood, I will not spare the hand,
But that for gold (as what can golde not doe?)
I may be hir'de to worke the like on you,

Duk. Which to preuent--.

Doc. Tis from my hart as far.

Duk. No matter *Doctor*, cause ile feareles sleepe,
And that you shall stand cleare of that suspicion
I banish thee for euer from my court.

This principle is o'd but true as fate,
Kings may loue treason, but the traitor hate,

Exit.

Doc. Ist so? nay then *Duke*, your stale principle
With one as stale, the *Doctor* thus shall quit,
He fals himselfe that dig anothers pit,
How now: where is he? will he meete me:

Enter the Doctors man.

Doc. man. meete you sir? he might haue met with three
fencers in this time and haue receiued lesse hurt then by mee-
ting one *Doctor* of Phisicke: why sir has walkt vnder the old
Abbey wall yonder this houre, till hees more colde then a
Citizens country house in Ianiuere, you may smell him be-
hinde sir; la you: yonder he comes.

Doc. leaue me.

Enter Hipolito.

Doc. man. Ist lurch if you will.

Exit.

Doc. O my most noble friend.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Hip. Few but your selfe,
Could haue intied me thus, to trust the Aire,
With my close sighes, you send for me: what newes?

Doc. Come you must doff this blacke: die that pale cheekke,
Into his owne colour; goe: Attire your selfe
Fresh as a bridegroom, when he meetes his bride,
The Duke has done much treason to thy loue,
Tis now reuealed, tis now to be reuengde,
Be mery honord friend, thy Lady liues.

Hip. What Lady?

Doc. *Infelice*, Shees reuiude;
Reuiude; alacke! death neuer had the hart,
To take breath from her.

Hip. Vmh: I thanke you sir,
Phisicke prolongs life, when it cannot saue,
This helps not my hopes, mine are in their graue:
You doe some wrong to mocke me.

Doc. By that loue,
Which I haue euer borne you, what I speake
Is trueth: the maiden liues: that funerall,
Dukes teares, the mourning, was all counterfet,
A sleepe draught cozend the world and you,
I was his minister and then chambred vp,
To stop discouery.

Hip. O trecherous Duke:

Doc. He cannot hope so certainly for blisse:
As he beleeueth that I haue poysond you,
He woode me toot, I yeelded, and confirm'd him,
In his most bloody thoughts.

Hip. A very deuill!

Doc. Her did he closely coach to *Bergamo*,
And thither —————

Hip. Will I ride; stood *Bergamo*,
In the low countries of blacke hell, ile to her.

Doc. You shall to her, but not to *Bergamo*,
How passion makes you fly beyond your selfe.
Much of that weary iourney I'ha cut off,
For she by letters hath intelligence,

THE HONEST WHORE.

Of your supposed death, her owne interment,
And all those plots, which that false Duke, (her father)
Has wrought against you : And sheele meete you.

Hip. O when:

Doc. Nay see : how couetous are your desires,
Earely to morrow morne.

Hip. O where good father.

Doc. At *Bethlem* monasterie : are you pleas'd now ?

Hip. At *Bethlem* monasterie : the place well fits,
It is the scoole where those that loose their wits,
Practise againe to get them : I am sicke
Of that disease, all loue is lunaticke.

Doc. Weele steale away (this night) in some disguise,
Father *Anselmo*, a most reuerend Frier,
Expects our comming, before whom weele lay,
Reasons so strong, that he shall yeeld, in bands,
Of holy wedlocke, to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is such happinesse:
That to belecue it, tis impossible.

Doc. Let all your ioyes then die in misbeliefe,
I will reueale no more.

Hip. O yes good father,
I am so well acquainted with despaire,
I know not how to hope : I belecue all.

Doc. Weele hence this night, much must be done, much
But if the Doctor faile not in his charmes, (said
Your Lady shall ere morning fill these armes.

Hip. heauenly Phisition : far thy fame shall spred,
That mak'st two louers speake when they be dead.

Exeunt.

*Candido's wife, and George : Pioratto
meetes them.*

(comes.

Wi. O watch good *George*, watch which way the Duke

Geo. Here comes one of the butter flies, aske him.

Wi. Pray sir, comes the duke this way.

Pio. He's vpon comming mistris.

Exit.

Wi. I thanke you sir : *George* are there many madfolkes,
where thy Maister lies.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Geo. O yes, of all countries some, but especially mad greekes they swarme: troth mistris, the world is altered with you, you had not wont to stand thus with a paper humbly complaining: but you're well enough seru'd: prouander prickt you, as it does many of our Citty-wiues besides.

Wif. Dost thinke *George* we shall get him forth.

Geo. Truly mistris I cannot tel, I thinke youle hardly get him forth: why tis strange! Sfoot I haue known many w^m me that haue had mad rascals to their husbands, whom they would be-labour by all meanes possible to keepe em in their right wits, but of a woman to long to turne a tame mā into a madman, why the diuell himselic was neuer vsde so by his dam.

Wif. How does he talke *George*! ha! good *George* tell me.

Geo. Why youre best go see.

Wif. Alas I am afraid.

Geo. Afraid! you had more need be ashamed: he may rather be afraid of you,

Wif. But *George* hees not starke mad, is hee? hee does not raue, hees not horne-mad *George* is he?

Geo. Nay I know not that, but he talkes like a Iustice of peace, of a thousand matters and to no purpo'e.

Wif. Ile to the monastery: I shall be mad till I inioy him, I shalbe sick till I see him, yet when I doe see him, I shall weepe out mine eyes.

Geo. I ide faine see a woman weepe out her eyes; thats as true, as to say, a mans cloake burnes; when it hangs in the water: I know youle weepe mistris: but what saies the painted cloth. *Trust not a woman when she cries.*

For sheele pump water from her eyes.

With a wet finger, and in faster showers,

Then Aprill when he raines downe flowers.

Wif. I but *George*, that painted cloath is worthy to be hangd vp for lying, all women haue not teares at will, vnlesse they haue good cause.

Geo. I but mistris: how easily will they find a cause, and as one of our Cheefe-trenchers sayes very learnedly:

As out of Wormwood Bees suck Honey,

As from poore clients Lawyers sirke money,

As

THE HONEST WHORE.

As Parsley from a roasted cunny.
So tho the day be nere so sunny,
If wines will haue it raine, downe then it drines,
The calmest husbands make the stormest wines,
Wif. Tame George, but I ha don storming now.

Geo. Why thats well done, good mistris throw aside this
fashion of your humor, be not so phantasticall in wearing it,
storme no more, long no more, -- This longing has made you
come short of many a good thing that you might haue had
from my Maister: Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinere.

Wife. Oh I beseech you pardon my offence,
In that I durst abuse your Graces warrant,
Deliuert soorth my husband good my Lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Flu. Candido my Lord, Duke. Where is he?

Wif. Hees among the lunaticks,
He was a man made vp without a gall,
Nothing could moue him, nothing could conuert
His meeke blood into fury, yet like a monster,
I often beate at the most constant rock
Of his vnshaken patience, and did long
To vex him. Duke. Did you so?

Wife. And for that purpose,
Had warrant from your Grace, to cary him
To Bethlem Monastery, whence they will not free him,
Without your Graces hand that sent him in.

Duke. You haue longd fayre; tis you are mad I feare,
Its fit to fetch him thence, and keepe you there:
If he be mad, why would you haue him soorth?

Geo. And please your grace, hees not starke mad, but one-
ly talkes like a young Gentleman, somewhat phantastically,
thats all: theres a thousand about your court, city and
countrie madder then he.

Duke. Prouide a warrant, you shall haue our hand.

Geo. Heres a warrant ready drawne my Lord.

Cast. Get pen & Inck, get pen & inck: Enter Castruchio.

Cast. Where is my Lord the Duke?

Duke. How now? more mad men,

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cast. I haue strange newes my Lord,

Duk. Of what ? of whom ?

Cast. Of *Infallice*, and a mariage.

Du. Ha ! where ? with whom.

Cast. *Hipolito*. *Geo.* Here my Lord.

Du. Hence with that woman, voyd the roome.

Flu. Away, the Duke's vexr.

Geo. Whoop, come mistris the Duke's mad too. *Exeunt.*

Du. Who told me that *Hipolito* was dead ?

Cast. He that can make any man dead, the Doctor : but my Lord, hees as full of life as wilde-fire, and as quick : *Hipolito*, the Doctor, and one more rid hence this euening ; the Inne at which they light is *Bethlem Monastarie* : *Infalliche* comes from *Bergamo*, and meetes them there : *Hipolito* is mad, for he meanes this day to be maryed, the after-noone is the houre, and Frier *Anselmo* is the knitter.

Du. From *Bergamo* ? ist possible ? it cannot be, It cannot be.

Cast. I will not sweare my Lord,
But this intelligence I tooke from one,
Whose braines workes in the plot.

Du. Whats he ? *Cast.* *Mattheo*.

Flu. *Mattheo* knowes all. *Pio.* Hees *Hipolitoes* bosome.

Duke. How farre stands *Bethlem* hence ?

Ornn. Six or seauen miles.

Duke. Ist euen so, not married till the afternoone you say ?
Stay, stay, lets worke out some preuention : how :
This is most strange, can none but mad-men serue
To dresse their wedding-dinner ? All of you,
Get presently to horse ; disguise your selues
Like Countrie-Gentlemen,
Or riding cittizens, or so : and take
Each man a seuerall path, but let vs meete,
At *Bethlem Monastarie*, some space of time
Being spent betweene the arriual each of other,
As if we came to see the Lunaticks.
To horse, away, be secret on your liues,
Loue must be punished that vniustly thtiues. *Exeunt.*
Flu. Be secret on your liues ! *Castruchio*

THE HONEST WHORE

Y^e are but a scummy Spaniell ; honest Lord,
 Good Lady : Zounds their loue is iust, tis good,
 And Ile preuent you, tho I swim in bloud. *Exit.*

Enter Frier Anselmo, Hipolito, Matheo, Infaliche.

Hip. Nay, nay, resolute good father, or deny.

Ans. You presse me to an act, both full of danger,
 And full of happinesse, for I behold,
 Your fathers frownes, his threats, nay perhaps death,
 To him that dare doe this, yet noble Lord,
 Such comfortable beames breake through these clowdes,
 By this blest mariage, that your honord word
 Being pawnd in my defence) I will tie fast,
 The holy wedding Knot. *Hip.* Tush feare not the Duke.

Ans. O sonne, wisely to feare: Is to be free from feare.

Hip. You haue our words, and you shall haue our liues,
 To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Ma. I, I, chop em vp and away.

Ans. Stay, when ist fit for me, safest for you,
 To entertaine this busines.

Hip. Not till the euening.

Ans. Be't so, there is a chappell stands hard by,
 Vpon the West end of the Abbey wall,
 Thether conuay your selues, and when the sunne
 Hath turnd his back vpon this vpper world,
 Ile mary you, that done, no thnndring voice,
 Can breake the sacred bond, yet Lady here you are most safe.

Inf. Father your lou's most deere.

Mat. I well said locke vs into some little roome by our
 selues that we may be mad for an houre or two.

Hip. O good Matheo no, lets make no noise.

Mat. How ! no noise ! do you know where you are: sfoot
 amonst all the mad-caps in Millan: so that to throw the house
 out at window will be the better, & no man will suspect that
 we lurke here to steale mutton : the more sober we are, the
 more scurvy tis. And tho the Frier tell vs, that heere we are
 safest, i'me not of his minde, for if those lay here that had lost
 there mony, none would euer looke after them, but heere are
 none but those that haue lost their wits, o that if hue and cry
 be made, hether theile come, and my reason is, because none

THE HONEST WHORE.

goes to be married till he be starke mad.

Hip. Muffle your selues yonders *Fluello*. *Enter Fluello.*

Ma. Zounds!

Flu. O my Lord these cloakes are not for this raine, the tempest is too great: I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why whats the matter.

Flu. Whats the matter! you haue mattered it faire: the

Onm. The Duke?

(Duk's at hand,

Flu. The very Duke.

Hip. Then all our plots are turnd vpon our heads; and we are blown vp with our own underminings. Sfoot how comes he, wha: villaine durst betray our being here.

Flu: *Castruchio*; *Castruchio* tolde the Duke, and *Mathas* here told *Castruchio*.

Hip. Would you betray me to *Castruchio*,

Ma. Sfoot he dambd himselfe to the pit of hell if he spake

Hip. So did you sweare to me, so were you dambd. (ont agen.

Mat. Pox on em, & there be no faith in men, if a man shall not belecue oathes: he tooke bread and salt by this light, that he would neuer open his lips. *Hip.* Oh God, oh God.

Ans. Sonne be not desperate haue patience, you shal trip your enemy downe, by his owne slights, how far is the Duke hēce.

Flu. Hees but new set out: *Castruchio*, *Pioratto* and *Sinezi* come along with him: you haue time enough yet to preuent them if you haue but courage.

Ans. You shall steale secretly into the Chappell,

And presently be married; if the duke

Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes,

You shall scape hence like Friers.

Hip. O blest disguise: O happy man.

Ans. Talke not of happinesse till your close hand,

Haue her birth^o forehead, like the lock of time,

Bee not too slow, nor hasty, now you clime,

Vp to the towre of blisse, onely be wary

And patient, thats all, if you like my plot

Build and dispatch, if not farewell, then not.

Hip. O Yes, we doe applaud it, wee'd dispute,

No longer, but will hence and execute.

Fluello

THE HONEST WHORE.

Fluello youle stay here, let vs be gon,
The ground that fraighted louers tread vpon,
Is stuke with thornes.

Ans. Come then, away: tis meete,
To escape those thornes, to put on winged feete. *Exeunt;*

Mat. No words I pray *Fluello*, for it stands vs vpon.

Flu. Oh sir, let that be your lesson.

Alas poore louers, on what hopes and feares,
Men toss themselves for women. when shees got
The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

*Enter to Fluello, the Duke, Castruchio, Pioratto and
Sinezzi from seuerall doores missed.*

Duk. whose there! *Cast.* My Lord.

Duk. Peace, send that Lord away,
A Lordship will spoile all, lets be all fellowes.
Whats he.

Cast. *Fluello*, or els *Sinezzi* by his little legs.

Omn. All friends, all friends,

Duk. What! met vpon the very point of time,
Is this the place. *Pio.* This is the place my Lord.

Duke. Dreame you on Lordships! come no more Lordes:
You haue not seene these louers yet. (pray

Omn. Not yet.

Duk. *Castruchio* art thou sure this wedding feate,
Is not till afternoone?

Castr. So tis giuen our my Lord.

Duk. Nay, nay, tis like, the cues must obserue their houres,
Louers watch minuts like Astronomers,
How shall the *Interim* houres by vs be spent,

Flu. Lets all goe see the madmen.

Omn. Mas content. *Enter Towne like a sweeper.*

Duk. Oh here comes one, question him, question him,

Flu. How now honest fellow dost thou belong to the house.

Tow. yes forsooth, I am one of the implements; I swepe the
madmens roomes, and fetch straw for em, and buy chaines
to tie em, and rods to whip em, I was a mad wag my telfe here
once, but I thanke father *Anselmo* he lasht me into my right

Duk. *Anselmo* is the Frier must marry them, (minde agen.
Question him where he is,

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cast. And where is father *Anselmo* now?

Tom. Mary hees gon but eene now.

Duk. I, well done, tell me, whether is he gone?

Tom. Why to God a mighty.

Flu. Ha, ha, this fellow is a foole, talkes idlie.

Pio. Sirra are all the mad folkes in *Millan* brought hither?

Tom. How all, theres a wise question indeede: why if al the mad folkes in *Millan* should come hither, there would not be left ten men in the City.

Duk. Few gentlemen or Courtiers here, ha.

Tom. Oh yes? abundance, abundance, lands no sooner fall into their hands, but straight they runne out a their wits: Cittizens sons & heires are free of the house by their fathers copy: Farmers sons come hither like geese (in flocks) & when they ha sould all their corne fields, here they sit & picke the straws.

Sin. Me thinks you should haue women here aswel as men.

Tom. Oh, I: a plague on em, theres no ho with them, they are madder then march haire.

Flu. Are there no lawyers here amongst you?

Tom. Oh no, not one: neuer any lawyer, we dare not let a lawyer come in, for heele make em mad faster than we can recouer em.

Du. And how long ist er'e you recouer any of these.

Tom. Why according to the quantitie of the Moone thats got into em, an Aldermans sonne will be mad a great while avery great while, especially if his friends lest him well, a whore will hardly come to her wits agen: a puritane ther's no hope of him, vnlesse he may pull downe the steeple and hang himselfe it'h bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceiue all sorts of fish come to your net.

Tom. Yes intruth, we haue blockes for all heads, we haue good store of wilde oates here: for the Courtier is mad at the Cittizen, the Cittizen is madde at the Country men, the shoemaker is mad at the cobler, the cobler at the carman, the punke is mad that the Marchants wife is no whore, the Marchants wife is mad that the puncke is so common a whore: gods so, heres father *Anselmo*. pray say nothing that I tel tales out of the schoole.

Exit.

Om. God blesse you father.

Enter Anselmo.

Anf.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Ans. Thanke you gentlemen,

Cast. Pray may we see some of those wretched Soules,
That here are in your keeping? *Ans.* Yes: you shall,

But gentlemen I must disarme you then,
There are of mad men, as there are of tame,
All humourd not alike: we haue here some,
So apish and phantastike, play with a fether,
And tho' twould greeue a soule, to see Gods image,
So blemisht and de fac'd, yet do they act
Such anticke and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of sorrow they will make you smile:
Others agen we haue like hungry Lions,
Fierce as wilde Bulls, vntameable as flies,
And these haue oftentimes from strangers sides
Snatcht rapiers suddenly, and done much harme,
Whom if youle see, you must be weaponlesse.

Omni. With all our harts.

Ans. Here: take these weapons in,
Stand of a little pray, so, so, tis well:
He shew you here a man that was sometimes,
A very graue and wealthy Cittizen,
Has serud a prentiship to this misfortune,
Bin here seuen yeares, and dwelt in *Bergamo*.

Duke. How fell he from his wits?

Ans. By losse at Sea:

He stand aside, question him you alone,
For if he spy me, heele not speake a word,
Vnlesse hees throughly vext.

*Discouers an old man;
wrapt in a Net.*

Flu. Alas poore soule,

Cast. A very old man. *Duk.* God speed father.

1. Mad. God speed the plough: thou shalt not speed me.

Pio. We see you old man, for all you daunce in a net.

1. Mad. True, but thou wilt daunce in a halter, & I shal not

Ans. O, doe not vex him pray. *(see thee.)*

Cast. Are you a Fisherman father?

1. Mad. No, I'me neither fish nor flesh.

Flu. What do you with that net then?

1. Mad. Doe'st not see foole! theres a fresh Salmon in't: if
you step one foot further, youle be ouer shoes, for you see ime

THE HONEST WHORE.

ouer head & ear in the salt-water: & if you fal into this whirl-
poole where I am, y^e are drownd: y^e are a drownd rat. -- I am
fishing here for siue ships, but I cannot haue a good draught,
for my net breakes still, and breakes, but Ile breake some of
your necks & I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay, stay,
stay. -- wheres the wind, wheres the wind, wheres the winde:
wheres the winde: out you guls, you goose-caps, you
gudgeon-eaters! do you looke for the wind in the heauens?
ha ha ha ha, no no, looke there, looke there, looke there, the
winde is alwayes at that doore: hearke how it blowes, pooff
pooff, pooff. *Omn.* Ha ha ha.

1. Mad. Do you laugh at Gods creatures? do you mock old
age you roagues? is this gray beard and head counterfet, that
you cry ha ha ha? -- Sirra, art not thou my eldest sonne?

Pior. Yes indeed father.

1. Mad. Then th^o art a foole, for my eldest sonne had a polt
foote, crooked legs, a vergis face, & a peare-coullourd beard;
I made him a scholler, and he made himsele a foole. -- Sirra!
thou there? hould out thy hand. *Du.* My hand, wel, here tis,

1. Mad. Looke, looke, looke, looke: has he not long nailes,
and short haire? *Flu.* Yes monstrous short haire, and abho-
minable long nailes. *1. Ma.* Ten-peny nailes are they not?

Flu. Yes ten-peny nailes.

1. Mad. Such nailes had my second boy: kneele downe
thou varlet, and aske thy father b^essing. -- Such nailes had my
midlemost sonne, and I made him a Promoter: & he scrapt,
& scrapt, & scrapt, till he got the diuell and all: but he scrapt
thus and thus, & thus, and it went vnder his legs, till at length
a company of Kites taking him for carion, swept vp all, all, all
all, all, all, all. -- If you loue your liues, looke: o your selues,
see, see, see, see, the Turkes gallies are fighting with my ships,
Bownce goes the guns--ooon! cry the men: romble romble
goe the waters--Alas! there! tis sunke--tis sunke: I am vn-
don, I am vndon, you are the dambd Pirates haue vndone
me,-- you are bith Lord, you are, you are, stop em, you are.

Ans. Why how now Syrra, must I fall to tame you?

1. Mad. Tame me? no: ile be madder than a roasted Cat:
see, see, I am burnt with gūpowder, these are our close fights.

Ans. Ile whip you, if you grow vnruely thus.

1. Mad.

THE HONEST WHORE:

1. *Mad.* Whip me? out you toad: - whip me? what iustice is this, to whip me becau'e I me a begger? — Alas? I am a poore man: a very poore man; I am starud, and haue had no meate by this light, euer since the great floud, I am a poore man. *Ans.* Well, well, be quiet and you shall haue meate.

1. *Mad.* I, I, pray do, for looke you, here be my guts: these are my ribs, - you may looke through my ribs, - see how my guts come out - these are my red guttes, my very guts, oh, oh!

Ans. Take him in there.

Omn. A very pitious fight.

Cast. Father I see you haue a busie charge.

Ans. They must be vsde like children, pleas'd with toyes,

And anon whipt for their vnruinesse:

Ile shew you now a paire quite different

From him thats gon; he was all words: and these

Vnlesse you vrge em, seldome spend their speech,

But haue their tongues - la you - this hishermost

Fell from the happy quietnesse of mind,

About a maiden that he loude, and dyed:

He followed her to church, being full of teares,

And as her body went into the ground,

He fell starke mad. That is a maryed man,

Was iealous of a faire, but (as some say)

A very vertuous wife, and that spoild him.

2. *Mad.* All these are whoremongers & lay with my wife:
whore, whore, whore, whore, whore,

Flu. Obserue him.

2. *Mad.* Gaffer shoemaker, you puld on my wiues pumps,
and then crept into her pantofles: lye there, lye there, - this
was her Tailor, - you cut out her loose-bodied gowne, and put
in a yard more then I allowed her, lye there by the shoemaker:
ô, maister Doctor! are you here: you gaue me a purgation,
and then crept into my wiues chamber, to feele her pulses,
and you said, and she sayd, and her mayd said, that they went
pit a pat - pit a pat - pit a pat, - Doctor Ile put you anon into my
wiues vrinall: - heigh, come a loft Iack? this was her school-
maister, and taught her to play vpon the Virginals, and still
his Iacks leapt vp, vp: you prickt her out nothing but bawdy

THE HONEST WHORE.

lessons, but Ile prick you all, -Fidler-Doctor-Tayler-Shoemaker, -Shoemaker-Fidler-Doctor-Tayler- so ! lye with my wife, agen now.

Castr. See how he notes the other now he seedes.

2. *Mad.* Giue me some porridge.

3. *Mad.* Ile giue thee none,

2. *Mad.* Giue me some porridge.

3. *Mad.* Ile not giue thee abit,

2. *Mad.* Giue me that flap-dragon.

3. *Mad.* Ile not giue thee a spoonefull : thou dicst, its no Dragon tis a Parrat, that I bought for my sweete heart, and ile keepe it.

2. *Mad.* Heres an Almond for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Hang thy selfe.

2. *Mad.* Heres a roape for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Eate it, for ile eate this.

2. *Mad.* Ile shoote at thee and thou't giue me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou ?

2. *Mad.* Ile run a tilt at thee and thou't giue me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou ? doe and thou dar'st.

2. *Mad.* Bownce.

3. *Mad.* Ooh ! I am slaine-murder, murder, murder, I am slaine, my braines are beaten out.

Ans. How now you villaines, bring me whips: ile whip you

3. *Mad.* I am dead, I am slaine, ring out the bel, for I am dead,

Dnk. How will you do now sirra ? you ha kild him.

2. *Mad.* Ile answer't at Sessions: he was eating of Almond Butter, and I longd for't : the child had neuer bin deliuered out of my belly, if I had not kild him, Ile answer't at sessions, so my wife may be burnt ith hand too.

Ans. Take em in both : bury him, for hees dead. (hole.

3. *Mad.* I indeed, I am dead, put me I pray into a good pit

2. *Mad.* Ile answer't at Sessions. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellafronte mad.

Ans. How now huswife, whether gad you ?

Bel. A murthering forsooth : how doe you gasser ? how doe you gasser ? theres a French curse for you too.

Fls. Tis Bellafronte.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Pis. Tis the puncke birth Lord.

Duk. Father whats she I pray?

Ans. As yet I know not,
She came but in this day, talkes little idely
And therefore has the freedome of the house,

Bell. Doe not you know me? nor you? nor you, nor you?

Omn. No indeede.

Bell. Then you are an Assie, and you are an Assie, and you
are an Assie, for I know you.

Ans. Why, what are they? come: tell me, what are they?

Bell. The re fish-wiues: will you buy any gudgeons, gods
santy yonder come Friers, I know them too, how doe you
Friar?

Enter Hipolito, Mathee, and Infeliche disguised
in the Habets of Friers.

Ans. Nay, nay, away, you must not trouble Friers.
The duke is here speake nothing.

Bell. Nay indeed you shall not goe: we cle run at barlibreak
first, and you shalbe in hell.

Mat. My puncke turnd mad whore, as all her fellowes are?

Hip. Speake nothing, but steale hence, when you spie time.

Ans. Ile locke you vp if y^e are vntruly sic

Bell. sic! mary so: they shall not goe indeed till I ha tolde
em their fortunes.

Duk. Good Father giue her leaue.

Bell. I pray, good father, and Ile giue you my blessing.

Ans. Wel then be brieft, but if you are thus vntruly,
Ile haue you lockt vp fast.

Pis. come, to their fortunes,

Bell. Let me see 1. 2. 3. and 4. ile begin with the little Fri-
er first, heres a fine hand indeed, I neuer saw Friar haue such
a dainty hand: heres a hand for a Lady, heres your fortune,
You loue a Friar better then a Nun,
Yet long youle loue no Friar, nor no Friers sonne.

Bow a little, the line of life is out, yet i^mme afraid,
For all your holy, youle not die a maide, God giue you ioy.
Now to you Friar Tucke.

Mat. God send me good lucke.

THE HONEST WHORE

Bel. You loue one, and one loues you,
You are a false knaue, and shees a Iew,
Here is a Diall that false euer goes.

Mat. O your wit drops,

Bel. Troth so does your nose, say lets shake hands with you
Pray open, heres a fine hand, (too:
Ho Fryer he, God be here,

So he had need : youle keepe good cheere,
Heres a free table, but a frozen breast,
For youle starue those that loue you best.
Yet you haue good fortune, for if I am no lyar,
Then you are no Frier, nor you, nor you no Frier
Haha haha.

*discouers
(them*

Duk. Are holy habits cloakes for villanic?
Draw all your weapons,

Hip. doe, draw all your weapons.

Duk. Where are your weapons, draw.

Omn. The Frier has guld vs of em.

Mat. O rare tricke :

You ha learnt one mad point of Arithmaticke.

Hip. Why swels your spleene so hic? against what bosome,
Would you your weapons draw? hers! tis your daughters:
Mine! tis your sonnes.

Duk. Sonne?

Mat. Sonne, by yonder Sonne.

Hip. You cannot shed bloud here, but tis your owne,
To spill your owne bloud were damnation,
Lay smooth that wrinckled brow, and I will throw
My selfe beneath your feete,
Let it be rugged still and flinted o're,
What can come forth but sparkles, that will burne,
Your selfe and vs? Shees mine; my claymes most good,
Shees mine by marriage, tho shees yours by bloud,
I haue a hand deare Lord, deepe in this act,
For I foresaw this storme, yet willingly
Put fourth to meete it? O! haue I seene a father
Washing the wounds of his deare sonne in teares,
A sonne to curse the sword that stricke his father,

Both

THE HONEST WHORE.

Both slaine ith quarrell of your families,
Those scars are now tane off: And I beseech you,
To seale our pardon, all was to this end
To turne the ancient hates of your two houses
To fresh greene friendship, that your Loues might looke:
Like the springs forehead, comfortably sweete,
And your vext soules in peacefull vnion meete,
Their bloud will now be yours, yours will be theirs,
And happinesse shall crowne your siluer haire.

Flu. You see my Lord theres now no remedy.

Omn. Beseech your Lordship.

Duk. You beseech faire, you haue me in place fit
To bridle me, rise Frier. you may be glad
You can make madmen tame, and tame men mad,
Since fate hath conquered, I must rest content,
To strue now would but ad new punishment:
I yeeld vnto your happinesse, be blest,
Our families shall henceforth breath in rest.

Omn. O happy change.

Duk. Yours now is my consent,
I throw vpon your ioyes my full consent.

Bell. Am not I a good girl, for finding the Frier in the wel?
gods so you are a braue man: will not you buy me some Su-
ger plums because I am so good a fortune teller.

Duk. Would thou hadst wit thou pretty soule to aske,
As I haue will to giue.

Bell. Pretty soule, a pretty soule is better than a pretty body:
do not you know my pretty soule? I know you: Is not your
name *Mathew*.

Mat. Yes lamb.

Bell. Baa, lamb! there you lie for I am mutton; looke fine
man, he was mad for me once, and I was mad for him once,
and he was madde for her once, and were you neuer mad?
yes I warrant, I had a fine iewell once, a very fine iewell
and that naughtry man stoale it away from me, a very fine
iewell.

Duk. What iewell pretty maide.

Bell. Maide nay thats a lie, O twas a very rich iewell, calde

a mai-

THE HONEST WHORE.

a Maidenhead, and had not you it leerer,

Mat. Out you mad Ass away.

Duk. Had he thy Maiden-head? he shall make thee amends, and marry thee.

Bell. Shall he? O braue Arthur of Bradly then?

Duk. And if he beare the minde of a Gentleman, I know he will.

Mat. I thinke I rifled her of some such paltry Jewell.

Duk. Did you? then marry her, you see the wrong Hasled her spirits into a lunacie.

Mat. How, marry her my Lord? sfoot marry a mad-woman: let a man get the tamest wife he can come by, sheele be mad enough afterward, doe what he can.

Duk. Nay then, father *Anselmo* here shall do his best, To bring her to her wits, and will you then?

Mat. I cannot tell, I may choose.

Duk. Nay then law shall compell: I tell you fir, So much her hard fate moues me: you should not breathe Vnder this ayre, vnlesse you married her. (He marry her.)

Mat. Well then, when her wits stand in their right place,

Bell. I thanke your grace, *Mattheo* thou art mine, I am not mad, but put on this disguise,

Onely for you my Lord, for you can tell

Much wonder of me, but you are gon: farewell.

Mattheo thou didst first turne my soule black,

Now make it white agen, I doe protest,

I me pure as fire now, chaste as *Cymbrias* brest.

Hip. I durst be sworne *Mattheo* she's indeed.

Mat. Cony-catcht, guld, must I saile in your flie-boate, Because I helpt to reare your maine-mast first:

Plague found you fort, - tis well.

The Cuckolds stampe goes currant in all Nations,

Some men haue hornes giuen them at their creations,

If I be one of those, why so: its better

To take a common wench, and make her good,

Than one that simpers, and at first, will scarce

Be tempted forth ouer the threshold dore,

Yet in one sennight, zounds, turnes arrant whore,

Come

Come wench, thou shalt be mine, giue me thy gols,
Weele talke of legges hereafter : see my Lord,
God giue vs ioy.

Om. God giue you ioy.

Enter Candido's wife and George.

Geo. Come mistris we are in Bedlam now, mas and see, we
come in pudding-time, for heres the Duke.

Wif. My husband good my Lord.

Duk. Haue I thy husband?

Ca. Its *Candido* my Lord, he's here among the lunaticks:
father *Anselmo*, pray fetch him forth : this mad woman is
his wife, and tho shee were not with child, yet did she long
most spitefully to haue her husband mad, and because shee
would be sure, he should turne Jew, she placde him here in
Bethlem, youder he comes.

Enter Candido with Anselmo.

Duke. Come hither Signior--Are you mad.

Cand. You are not mad.

Duke. Why I know that.

Cand. Then may you know, I am not mad, that know
You are not mad, and that you are the duke :

None is mad here but one--How do you wife :

What do you long for now? --pardon my Lord,

Shee had lost her childe's nose els : I did cut out

Penniworths of Lawne, the Lawne was yet mine owne :

A carpet was yet my gowne, yet twas mine owne,

I wore my mans coate, yet the cloath mine owne,

Had a crackt crowne, the crowne was yet mine owne,

She sayes for this I'm mad, were her words true,

I should be mad indeed, --O foolish skill,

Is patience madnesse? I'll be a mad-man still.

Wife. Forgiue me, and ile vex your spirit no more.

Duk. Come, come, weele haue you friends, ioyne hearts,

Cand. See my Lord, we are euen, (ioyne hands.

Nay rise, for ill-deeds kneele vnto none but heauen.

Duk. Signior, me thiokes, patience has laid on you

Such heavy waight, that you should loath it.

Cand. Loath it.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Duke. For he whose brest is tender bloud so coole,
That no wrongs heate it, is a patient soole,
What comfort do you finde in being so calme. (balme,

Cand. That which greene wounds receiue fro soueraigne
Patience my Lord; why tis the soule of peace:

Of all the vertues tis neerst kin to heauen.

It makes men looke like Gods; the best of men

That ere wore earth about him, was a sufferer,

A soft, meeke, patient, humble, tranquill spirit,

The first true Gentleman that euer breathd;

The stock of *Patience* then cannot be poore,

All it desires, it has; what Monarch more?

It is the greatest enemy to law

That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,

And so chaines vp, lawyers and womens tongues.

Tis the perpetuall prisoners liberty:

His walks and Orchards: 'tis the bond-slaves freedome,

And makes him seeme proud of each yron chaine,

As tho he wore it more for state then paine:

It is the beggers Musick, and thus sings:

Although their bodiles beg, their soules are kings:

O my dread liege! It is the sap of blisse,

Reares vs aloft; makes men and Angels kisse,

And (last of all) to end a howlshoud strife,

It is the hunny gainst a waspish wife.

Duke. Thou giu'st it liuely coulours: who dare say

he's mad, whose words march in so good aray?

Twere sinne all women should such husbands haue.

For euery man must then be his wifes slaue,

Come therefore you shall teach our court to shine,

So calme a spirit is worth a golden Mine,

Wiues (with meeke husbands) that to vex them long,

In Bedlam must they dwell, els dwell they wrong.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

